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SHEFFIELD PLEASURE-SEEKERS DASHED TO DEATH.

Three lives were lost, and others are still in danger, owing to a terrible motor char-a-banc disaster near Sheffield, which occurred late last Saturday. The vehicle was returning from a tour in Derbyshire with a pleasure party of twenty-nine persons when it overturned. It transpires that it was raining at the time, and the surface of the road was very greasy. In trying to pass a doctor's carriage the driver lost control through the wheels skidding. The vehicle dashed into a telegraph-pole, and then into a stone wall, overturning and hurling its occupants in every direction, though it is said the speed of the car was not more than seven miles an hour. William Harrison, aged seven, of 17, Barron Street, Sheffield, and Ben Handley, of 33, Boston Street, were instantly killed. F. Hearne, 378, Abbeydale Road, died shortly after. Thirteen other persons were taken to the Sheffield Royal Infirmary suffering from more or less serious injuries. Two were detained, the rest being sent to their homes after treatment.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

Coincident with the revival of "The Christian" at the Lyceum Theatre is the arrival of Miss Ola Humphrey, who is one of the most successful interpreters of Glory Quayle, the chief character in Hall Caine's play, in the United States, and quite recently in Australia. Miss Humphrey, who is of Franco-American parentage, has also made her mark in "The Squaw Man," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and similar rôles. She is over here on a holiday, this being her first visit to England.

"The Christian."

The holiday programme at the always-popular London Hippodrome is a thing not to be missed, if schoolboys and girls are to carry back pleasant holiday memories when their bags and boxes once more have to be packed. Saterno, the wonderful juggler; the startling "globe of life" cycling act, the funny musical act of the Four Magnanis, the charming Macarte Sisters—daintiest of acrobats; performing elephants and other animals, the energetic Black Hussars, the amusing and picturesque "Zuyder Zee" sketch, and other items, make up a prodigious entertainment of the highest class.

The Hippodrome.

Nearly every male singer with a reputation (writes "L. G. T." in *M.A.P.*) is a golfer. They all say it is the finest thing for the voice they every tried. No doubt, the real, plain fact is that golfing is good for the health, and that what is good for the health cannot be bad for the voice. And yet how few of our lady vocalists "love to feel the jar of the steel and the spring of the hickory-shaft." When *they* are "off colour," they go motoring or shopping. They love to feel the buzz of the wheel—or they love to buy what pleases the eye. I am not, as the Americans used to say, talking through my hat. I know for a positive fact that it is a common thing for the leading lady of musical comedy who loves her voice to be discovered either in a motor-car or a milliner's. She believes either in rest or exercise for the voice. In the motor-car she covers up her mouth and is silent. In the milliner's she does not cover up her mouth, and she is not silent. It is one of two cures for her—she goes for a drive or for a sale. The male vocalist goes for another sort of drive, and, although it doesn't always come off, the effort to make it do so is a grand thing for his lungs. Mr. Norman Salmond has been improving his game—and his voice—in a most wonderful way at the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, Richmond; and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, who a year or two ago could play nothing but the tin-whistle, is now a most deadly golfer, and, in consequence, a most lively singer.

Golf for the Voice.

This year has witnessed the production of a number of successful plays, but for lasting popularity few can compare with "Brewster's Millions," which has just been transferred to the Duke of York's Theatre. The play is light comedy, bordering upon farce, but never is it so wildly impossible that it jars. Mr. Gerald du Maurier, the original Brewster, is back in his old part, and the whole play goes with a swing that carries the audience along from the rise of the curtain to "God Save the King." It is a play not to be missed if you want to be genuinely amused.

"Brewster's Millions."

The "Madame Butterfly" performances by the Moody Manners Company at the Lyric have "drawn" beyond all expectation, and many disappointed persons have had to be told, that the house was sold out. It has been decided, in consequence, that during the Moody Manners Company's coming tour "Madame Butterfly" will be given all over the country, and those who live in out-of-the-way places will have an opportunity of making acquaintance with this most successful of modern operas.

"Madame Butterfly."

THE MOUNTAINS' DEAD.

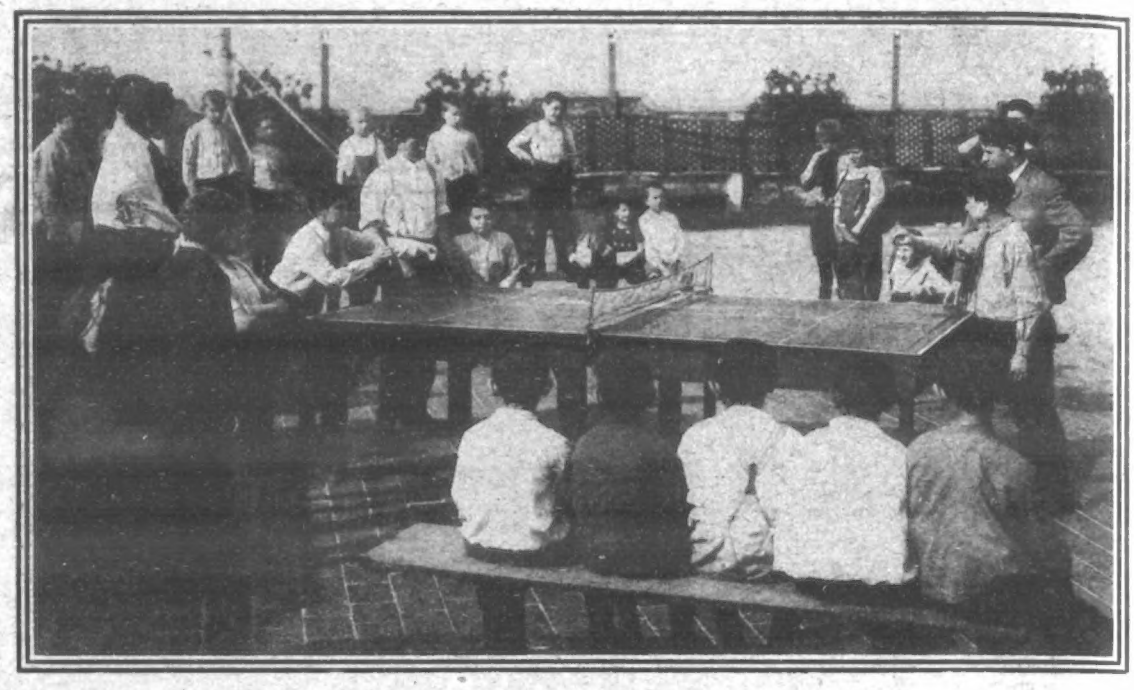
AGAIN this year mountaineering has taken its toll of lives, and by now the number has reached over seventy.

The two worst disasters were the avalanche on the Mittelberg at the end of January, which killed eight persons out of a large party who had taken refuge in two houses, and the avalanche a few days later on the Muscel Mountains, which claimed fifteen victims. Falls over gorges or concealed precipices are the commonest perils, and the record of these month by month is continuous.

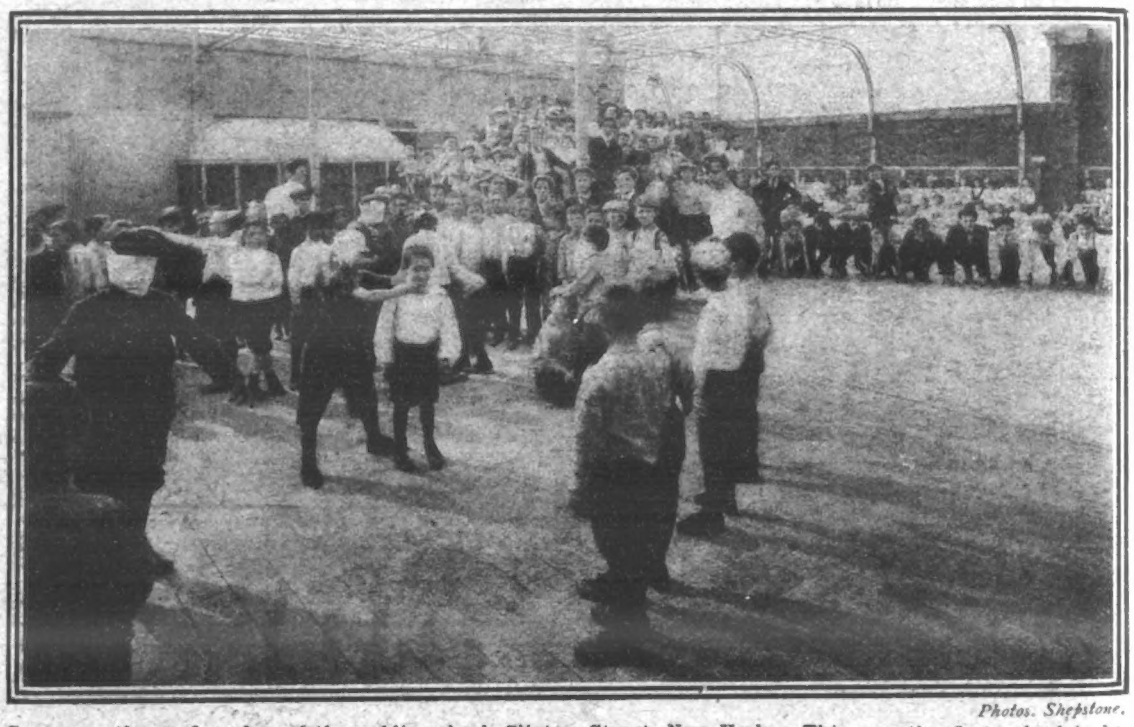
The list of fatalities is as follows—

January	11	May	4
February	24	June	2
March	2	July	13
April	6	August	12

PECULIAR PLAYGROUNDS FOR CHILDREN.



A GAME OF PING-PONG ON THE ROOF.



Photos. Shepstone.

Scenes on the roof garden of the public school, Clinton Street, New York. This was the first school to be equipped with a roof garden. The gymnastic exercises are performed on the roof. Should a shower come on a light canvas is drawn over the girders, completely covering the garden. After school hours the children are allowed to play on the roof. All kinds of games are indulged in, such as ping-pong, blind-man's buff, and other juvenile pastimes. Five hundred children can easily be accommodated on the roof at one time.

LONDON'S SANDS IN THE CITIES.

For the benefit of the children of the slums, whose sole pleasure resort in the holiday season is the squalid street, Mrs. Harding, of the Finsbury Park Mission, has had a quantity of sand pitched in the garden at the rear of the Mission Hall, and the poor children of the district are invited to play at "seaside." Buckets and spades are provided, and there are occasional refreshments.

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CHAPTER VIII.

I Become a Sandow Girl—A Curious Proposal of Marriage—Superstition and the Stage.

LITTLE did I think, when years ago my sister Zena and I used to lie awake at night and build castles in the air about the wonderful parts we fondly hoped one day to play, that I should ever figure in public as "a strong woman," or in other words as "A Sandow Girl." Still, as those happy-go-lucky people who take life just as it comes, and never seem surprised at anything, are wont to say, "One never knows what will happen in a lifetime," so sure enough (although, had I been a bookmaker, I should have laid at least one hundred pounds to a shilling against such a chance) here I am at the present time actually figuring as the one and only "Sandow Girl."

However, I should like to say at once that I am not really a strong woman at all, as, since I have been playing my present part, many people have apparently jumped to the conclusion that I have suddenly developed into a weight-lifting champion or a lady Hercules of some kind or other. Thus, when I was recently playing in Blackpool, my dresser brought me a note, saying that the bearer was waiting for an answer, and politely but firmly refused to go away without that answer. Now, although I had not a moment to spare—I was just in the middle of a "quick change"—I naturally imagined that the message must be one of considerable urgency, and accordingly hurriedly tore open the envelope, and my surprise when I read its contents was—well, considerable.

This is how it ran: "I hear, Miss Dare, that you are Sandow's ideal of what a woman ought to be, from the point of view of physical culture. Would you therefore be so kind as to inform me at once—I am only here for a holiday, and leave Blackpool to-morrow—how I can obtain a figure and physique like yours? I am, I may tell you, five feet one inch tall, but, owing to having been the victim of a cab accident, which necessitated my right leg being operated on, I walk with a slight limp, which fortunately, the doctors tell me, will pass off. For the past two years I have taken dozens of so-called strength-giving medicines, and have, in addition, used endless 'figure-developers,' and such-like atrocious machines, but all to no avail. Still, you, as a Sandow girl, must have really discovered the true secret of acquiring grace. If you have not, I may say at once I shall expose you as a fraud through the newspapers—in fact, unless you can inform me within the next week by letter—no doubt you will want time to think it over—exactly how I may become as graceful as you are I shall take steps immediately. Kindly send word by your dresser."

Needless to say, I took not the least notice of this offensive communication, and as I have heard nothing further, I presume the writer, to use her own words, "took steps"; but it only serves to show what strange ideas some members of the public have concerning people on the stage. Which, by-the-bye, reminds me that on the second night of my appearance as a Sandow Girl I received the following offer of marriage—it found its way in double-quick time into the nearest waste-paper basket—"Until to-night, although, of course, I have seen your photographs in hundreds of shop-windows, I was unaware that you were a strong woman. In ten days' time I leave to join an exploration-party in West Africa, but as I shall be away for a number of years I should very much like to take my wife with me. Will you be my wife? I have never met another woman in the world I could marry, and as you are a Sandow Girl, you should well be able to withstand the climate on the West Coast of Africa, which, as you may have heard, is not of the best. I would add that I am a comparatively rich man—I have an income of between six and seven thousand a year—in consequence, it would be unnecessary for you ever to have to return to the stage again." Truly—well, "truth is stranger than fiction"—and some of the letters that actresses receive are stranger than both!

Before I lay down my pen—you don't know what hard work writing a sort of biography is to one who is not used to literary work—I should just like to try and remove the opinion which so many members of the outside public hold that the life of an actress is nothing more serious than a few rehearsals and three or four hours' work at the theatre in the evening. Let me, for example, just sketch out an account of what I did during the last two days before I set out on my present tour with "The Dairymaids." The following are some of the more urgent duties I had to attend to: three visits to my theatrical dressmaker, two visits to my own dressmaker, measured for theatrical shoes, measured for private foot-gear, six hours at Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield's (my theatrical photographers), four hours at rehearsals, business connected with my appearance in pantomime at Birmingham at Christmas, two visits to theatrical milliners, visit to a well-known song-writer to try over some new songs he was writing for me, an hour's practice at two new dances, signed over three hundred picture-postcards, and replied personally to thirty-four letters.

Naturally, just before leaving London, one has rather more than usual to attend to, but all the same, from the time I get up in the morning until bed-time I scarcely ever seem to have a moment to myself, and I am not exaggerating when I say that on many occasions I have been so busy all day that I have not even had time to dine, and so, perforce, I have satisfied my pangs of hunger in my dressing-room at the theatre. And yet there are still dozens of people to be found who simply refuse to believe that the life of an actress is a hard one. But it is, all the same.

Perhaps, however, in the future those readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* who have hitherto "looked down" upon the theatrical profession because they have fondly imagined "it encourages idleness—and in consequence, bad habits"—will remember the short description I have given of the many duties an actress has to attend to, for it seems rather hard luck that those who really do have to work hard should not be given the credit for that work, don't you think so?

And now, just one last word about the strange superstitions which many members of the theatrical profession hold. There are people who will tell you that the days of superstition are over, but this sweeping statement cannot, I think, be applied to the theatrical profession, many of the members of which—and I do not exclude those quite at the top of the tree—are extraordinarily superstitious.

What, for instance, do you think of this for a really original superstition these times, when we are told that "there is nothing new under the sun"?

On the first night of a certain piece in which I was playing the leading part, I came across a well-known member of the company pulling literally lumps out of the scenery just before the curtain was rung up for the first act. "That's rather a destructive form of amusement, isn't it?" I said, as I saw bits of the scenery being defaced in quite a wholesale manner.

"Destructive? Not a bit of it!" replied the actor, "and I may say that I'm doing everybody in the company a good turn, for there is no surer way of making a piece a success than tearing pieces of the scenery away before the first production." And, curiously enough, the play actually was a tremendous success; but I think it would be most unjust to attribute this result to the scenery incident.

Again, although he has been on the stage for years, a well-known Shaksperean actor of my acquaintance even to-day always hires a hunchback to sit in his dressing-room on a first night. Here also this curious method of wooing success has worked out well, either as cause or coincidence, for I think I am correct in saying that in the last few years he has only had two financial failures, which, in these days, when the public are so hard to please, is decidedly a good average, isn't it?

A more than usually strange experience, by the way, happened not long ago to a certain actress who, at the time, was playing in pantomime at Glasgow. A few days before the expiration of the run of the piece she received, anonymously, a Zulu bangle. Writing to me the same day, she mentioned this anonymous present, adding as a postscript—"I am quite sure that I shall now have some great stroke of luck, for Zulu bangles are very lucky indeed"; and sure enough she did have a stroke of luck, for she received a letter the same evening from some solicitors in New York, informing her that an uncle, whose very existence she had almost forgotten, had died suddenly, leaving her in his will the useful sum of £1500.

It seems superfluous to add that those members of the profession who happened to hear of this curious incident have ever since looked upon a Zulu bangle as a lucky mascot, though, to tell you the truth, I have not heard of anyone else benefiting by a similar fortunate chance.

Apparently, too, even playwrights are sometimes prone to superstitions. Thus, well do I remember going round to see a friend of mine who was playing the leading part on the first night of a new production at the Haymarket Theatre. While we were chatting I chanced to catch sight of a pretty gold wish-bone set with diamonds, which she seemed to regard with especial interest. "I have just had this given to me for luck," she added, in response to a question from me, "because the author declares that wish-bones simply cannot help bringing good luck to those who wear them." Once more "superstition" worked out well; but who will dare say that trivial incidents of this sort have any bearing on success or failure? "Do I believe in stage superstitions?" Well, to quote the words of the village sage, "I do and I don't."

Here, at last, I think I really have reached the end of my story, and I sincerely trust that I shall be freely forgiven if I have not expressed myself clearly; but, truth to tell, I have hitherto had no experience as an authoress, and therefore I must beg leave to plead that "this is my first offence," and, in consequence, hope my literary efforts will be judged with unusual leniency; while if, perchance, I have helped, in any way at all, even a single one of the thousands of would-be actors and actresses struggling to become "stars" in the theatrical world, I shall feel that the time I have spent in compiling this short account of my own stage career has not been wasted.

And now au revoir, but not good-bye, for we shall meet again at the theatre quite soon, I hope.

THE END.

Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

A MAIDEN OF MUSCLE: MISS PHYLLIS DARE AS THE SANDOW GIRL IN "THE DAIRYMAIDS."

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should We Marry Deceased Wives' Sisters?

FOR.

IN the home lives of English men and women is to be found the true answer to this question. Despite the unjust, narrow-minded attitude of the law, that mightier law, the law of Nature, has shown that the bereaved widower, and the children of the dead mother, have been drawn for solace and protection to the sister, who, by that same showing of Nature, seemed to have these sacred duties bequeathed to her.

As the law stood the position of the deceased wife's sister is an intolerable one, judged from any point of view. To the girl upon whom the situation is thrust, that she could neither remain by her dead sister's children as wife, or with no such thought, without bringing scandal on her name, there is no alternative but to defy the moral code, or patch up the matter as best may be by going through the marriage service in a country where such unions are legitimate.

Countless men and women who have been confronted by such a problem have taken this step, knowing it to be one which is bound to bring with it pain, suffering, and disgrace, yet willing to face the consequences of an action that came from the prompting of their hearts. Lord James of Hereford, in his splendid and heart-moving plea in the House of Lords, depicted the position of the woman. He asked those who opposed the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill to picture the

PLIGHT OF THE GOOD, PURE WOMAN

living in the house of the bereaved widower, tenderly nurturing her dead sister's children, and being pointed at by the accusing finger of those who said, "That woman is not that man's wife." When we think of the good, pure women who have endured with patient courage this intolerable state, we wonder at the forbearance with which we have listened to the bigoted arguments and the pious horror of those who, on pleas of morality (heaven only knows why) and canonical law, have stood in the way of the inevitable triumph of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

But we must not only regard this question from the point of view of the man and woman. Putting aside the fact that a husband who recognises in his dead wife's sister the companion he most naturally turns to is a moral outcast, the case of the children has to be taken into account. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister, recognised and solemnised abroad and in our Colonies, brings nothing here but shame on the children of such a union. That a paradox like this should be possible; that the crossing of a strip of sea should make all the difference between the right of a son and heir and illegitimacy, is certainly in itself an imperative argument in favour of the step which the Government has now taken.

Yet, in the face of these facts, the opponents of the measure have asked if there is any proof that the majority of the people of this country wish for a change in the law. They would deny that there is any right and proper reason why a man should ask for freedom to exercise his own judgment in the case of his deceased wife's sister. For the Bill is not one which will compel a man to marry his deceased wife's sister—it is a Bill to leave him free to do so if he thinks it the right course to take. This brings us to the consideration of a somewhat personal and delicate point.

In asking if we should marry deceased wives' sisters, we cannot avoid the speculation as to whether deceased wives' sisters make good partners in life. Nearly all of us could point to cases in which such unions appear to be undeniably successful, and to very few which have not proved harmonious. The reason for this fact can be easily appreciated. The deceased wife's sister starts as a bride under manifest advantages. She has had the chance which comes to few brides in the usual course of events: this is the opportunity of studying her future husband's character under the most convincing of all circumstances. She knows the man as he is in his own home, which is a privilege that not one girl in ten enjoys in the ordinary progress of courtship. We do not say it in disparagement of the married state, but if a man has a temper to lose, it is generally to be found at his own breakfast-table. In vulgar parlance, the

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER MARRIES WITH HER EYES OPEN.

And so it is with the man His second matrimonial venture in life is usually that which he makes after serious consideration, in full consciousness of the fact that he has mastered the aspects of single blessedness and married bliss. There is the possibility, too, that some of the traits of character and qualities which appealed to him in his wife will have their reflection in the sister. Above all is the plight of the orphans, for whose sake the man feels he must re-marry if he is not in a position to place them under the care of a nurse or guardian. The working man, especially, realises that the home must be kept up for the sake of the helpless, motherless little ones. Here we have the final, the conclusive argument in favour of marriage with deceased wives' sisters. To whom are these children likely to be dearer than to their mother's sister? They are God's trust to her. It is her sacred duty to be by their side, and no matter how dear they are to her, her interest must become more completely centred upon their upbringing when the law sanctions the place of the good, pure woman beneath the widower's roof.

AGAINST.

Required, a new family relationship. We must find some fresh designation for the girl whose sister has taken unto herself a husband. The interest of morality, moreover the limits of absurdity, will no longer permit of her being described as "sister-in-law." There will in future, now that the fatal step is taken of making the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill law, be no sisters-in-law in British homes: but what their established position will be we contemplate with mystification, coupled to misgiving. Bride-apparent-at-law is what every subject to an unnatural and unpleasant position must feel herself to be. That safe but friendly position which the sister-in-law has been free to occupy is to be swept on one side on the day on which marriages between brothers and sisters in-law is legalised. Children will have to regard aunts-in-law as possible mothers by law. In short, by giving way to the demands of the morbid few we entirely revolutionise our present notions of relationship and morality.

In this respect we cannot afford to ignore the grave warning of the Archbishop of Canterbury. "The rule," he proclaims, "is that a man is barred from marrying not only his own blood relations, but also his wife's blood relations. If you wrench out a stone from that carefully-built and balanced structure, it will be in vain for you to expect the rest to stand as it stood before."

No one is able to explain convincingly why, if marriage is opened to the deceased wife's sister, it should remain closed to the deceased husband's brother. Their case is not dissimilar; indeed, all the arguments which can be brought forward to justify marriage with deceased wives' sisters can be brought to bear in favour of the brother carrying on the duties and responsibilities of the dead father, as was insisted upon by the Mosaic law, compelling every brother-in-law to succeed the husband. And from this we can pass to a demand for the legalising of marriages between all degrees of "in-laws" up, or down (as the case may be), to marriage with mothers-in-law, which is said to already enjoy a degree of popularity in some foreign countries. Even as a half-hearted measure, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill has

NO SOUND RECOMMENDATION BEHIND IT,

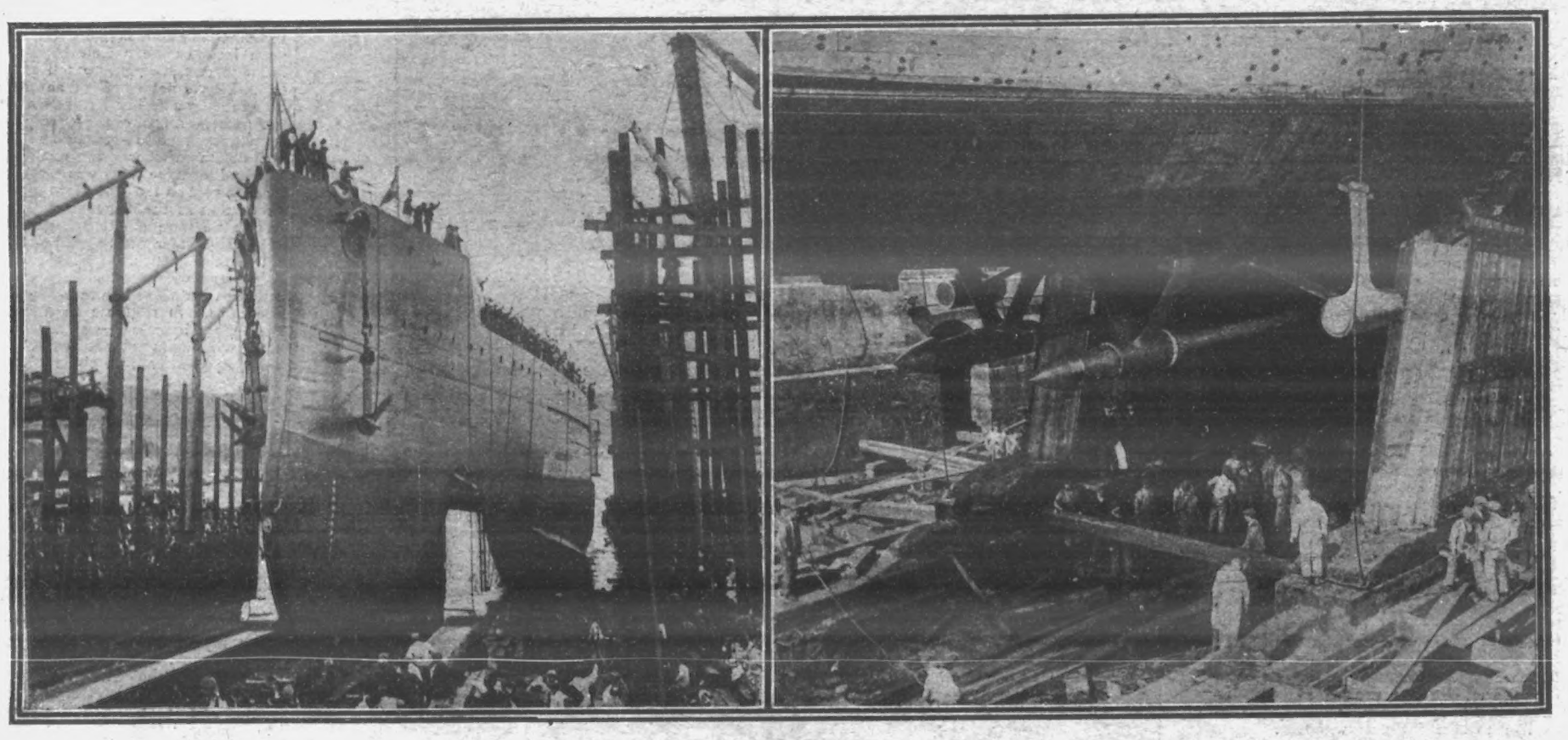
while the pleas and contentions in its favour are accusing rather than excusing. We do not wish to awaken in the mind of the man who "marries into the family" the thought that he may have chosen the wrong sister, while, after he has taken the fatal step, there are real and grim possibilities in considering the case of the married man who falls in love with his sister-in-law, and must henceforth endure the torture of her companionship with his living wife at his side. The terrible temptations, the home miseries which are bound to follow the removal of the barrier between such marriage relations must be placed at the door of the supporters of this Bill. How many mothers regard with any real feeling of thankfulness the fact that their sisters may succeed them as the wives of their husbands and the mothers of their children?

The plea that a deceased wife's sister makes a better mother to her dead sister's children than would a strange bride stands only while the wife is herself childless. When her first baby comes, comes with it the only human thought that to the possessions of her husband the law does not give her offsprings preference. But this the Bill must do. It must rob orphans of the sisterly care they can now receive in the first months of their loss. The sister-in-law can no longer stay beside her sister's children without the husband feeling that he may compromise her fair name if he does not legalise her position in his household. He may even be driven, by a sense of obligation and duty towards his children, to make a marriage with his deceased wife's sister, while his true affections may lie elsewhere. In fact, every widower may now be further distracted by having to debate whether his future matrimonial intentions are to be guided by the existence of one or more sisters-in-law. Then, as the possibility has been put, suppose a man marries his dead wife's sister, gets tired of her, and goes through a form of marriage with another sister? Such an eventuality has not only its comic side.

According to our religious and legal convictions, the marriage between brothers and sisters in-law is against all our notions of right living. We regard such unions as a state to be discouraged rather than made easy. If a man and woman break the law in this direction, as in any other, they must be prepared to pay the penalty of their actions, entered upon in the full knowledge that they must accept the public verdict on them. Men and women have done this in the past. We may deplore their position, even admire the courage which enables them to defy a conscious world, but we cannot any the more point to such as an argument in favour of reconstructing the marriage law in order to open the way to the general wedding of deceased wives' sisters. The wisest step that has ever been taken in the history of this consideration of marriage reform was that of 1835, when all the existing marriages of deceased wives' sisters were made good, and all future ones illegal. The time may have come for a repetition of this measure, but let its finality be misunderstood by none.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST BATTLE-SHIP LAUNCHED.



The new battle-ship "Temeraire," sister-ship to the "Dreadnought," was successfully launched at Devonport Dockyard on Saturday last by Countess Fortescue. The "Temeraire" will be the largest war-ship afloat, for her displacement is 700 tons more than that of the "Dreadnought," while her armament is considerably more powerful. Some idea of the size of this enormous war-vessel may be gained by noting how small the workmen look who are standing under her stern.

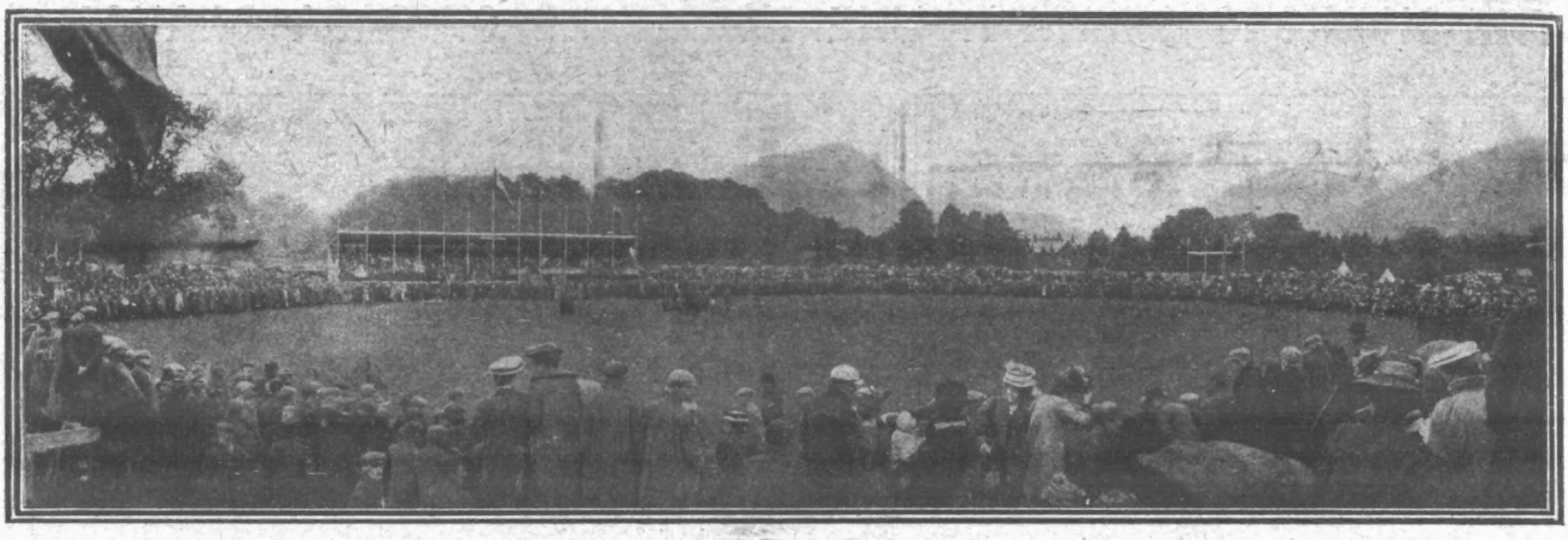
THE HORRORS OF WAR: THE HOSPITALS OF CASA BLANCA.

War in any part of the world is terrible, but it is far more so when the scene of the trouble is laid in a semi-civilised country. It means that the hospitals, even if there are any, are old and inadequate, and buildings never intended for such purposes have often to be used for the accommodation of the wounded. An instance of this is seen in our photograph, which shows a mosque in Casa Blanca being used as a hospital.

Photos. Illus. Bureau.

Many instances of devotion have been chronicled since Casa Blanca first became the centre of the attack of fanatical hordes, and the devotion of Dr. Merle, a Frenchman, to the wounded has aroused much praise. Our photograph shows him (bare-headed) attending an injured Moor, with Miss Spinney, an heroic English nurse assisting.

THE GRASMERE SPORTS: VIEW OF THE GREAT ARENA.



THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

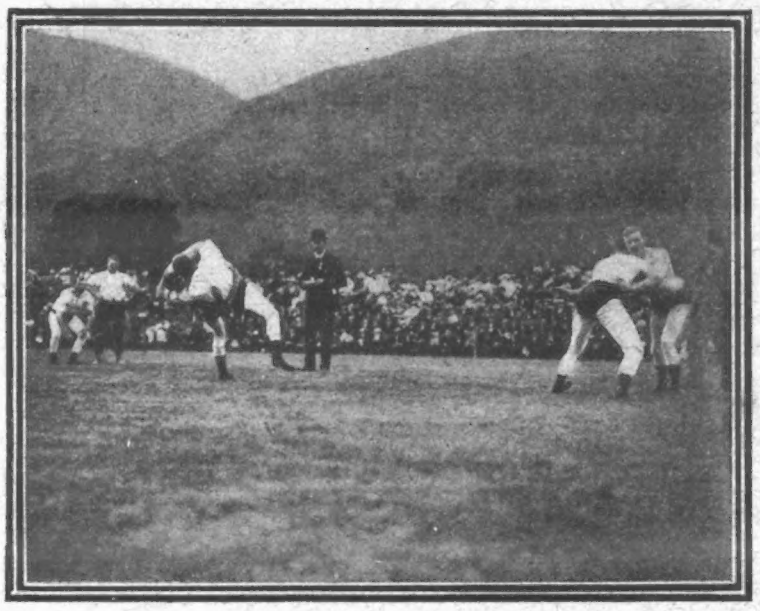
The meeting of the Reading Athletic Club was held on Saturday last, and a big attendance may always be reckoned upon at Palmer's Park, the ground being very aptly named after one of the famous firm of Huntley and Palmer. There were several district championships included in last Saturday's programme, and altogether the twenty-fifth annual gathering at the Berkshire town was as big a success as any of its predecessors, which is saying a lot.

The one-mile bicycle championship of Reading resulted in G. A. Woodhams passing the post first in 2 min. 38 sec. That form made the handicap at the same distance a gift for him, seeing that he had 90-yards start. However, there were others thrown in as well as he, and he only got home by a wheel from P. Ellis, of the Putney A.C., whose handicap allowance was 105 yards. The time was 2 min. 14 1-5 sec.

The 440-yards championship of Berkshire was retained by the holder, S. E. Hunt, in 55 1-5 sec., very poor time for even a local performer, and one that stamps him as only a moderate handicap runner The one-lap cycle race fell to J. Matthews, of the Marlborough A.C., and P. W. Smith secured the 100-yards championship of Reading in 10 3-5 sec. The 1000-yards championship of Berks, Bucks, and Oxon fell to E. Peacock, of the home club, who defeated J. N. Howard, of the Slough H., in 2 min. 24 3-5 sec. There were a number of other events, but space prevents me from detailing them.

The City of London Championships, confined, of course, to members of the business houses round and about St. Paul's Churchyard, were not less successful than the gatherings of previous years. The one-mile team cycling championship was won by the Ravensbourne Club, who defeated the City Albion in the final. In the one-mile team race on the flat, S. A. M. Cockson was first man home, and in the club placings, his side (Ravensbourne) won by the lower score of 16 points against 17 by Aulaby.

The one-mile team walking championship resulted in a personal victory for H. Rattenbury, of the Ravensbourne A.C., but his club had to take second place to the Gresham A.C., who scored 13 points against 16, with Longford third. The one-mile relay race was secured by Aulaby, with Olympic second and Ravensbourne third.



THE GRASMERE SPORTS: HEAVY-WEIGHT WRESTLING.
The entries for this were so numerous that five bouts were decided at one time.

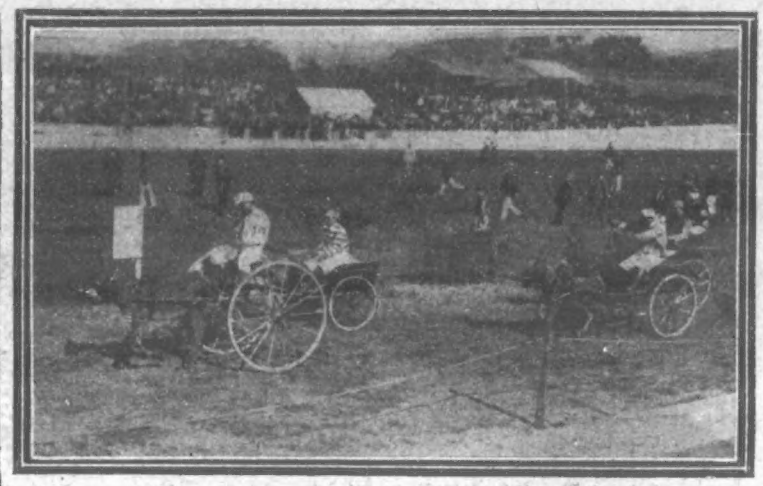
GRASMERE SPORTS: F. C. BIRKETT,
Winner of both the Long and High Jumps.

NOTTS COUNTY: CHAMPIONS OF THE CRICKET WORLD.

This year Notts have won the County Cricket Championship in fine style, having played right through the season without suffering a single defeat.

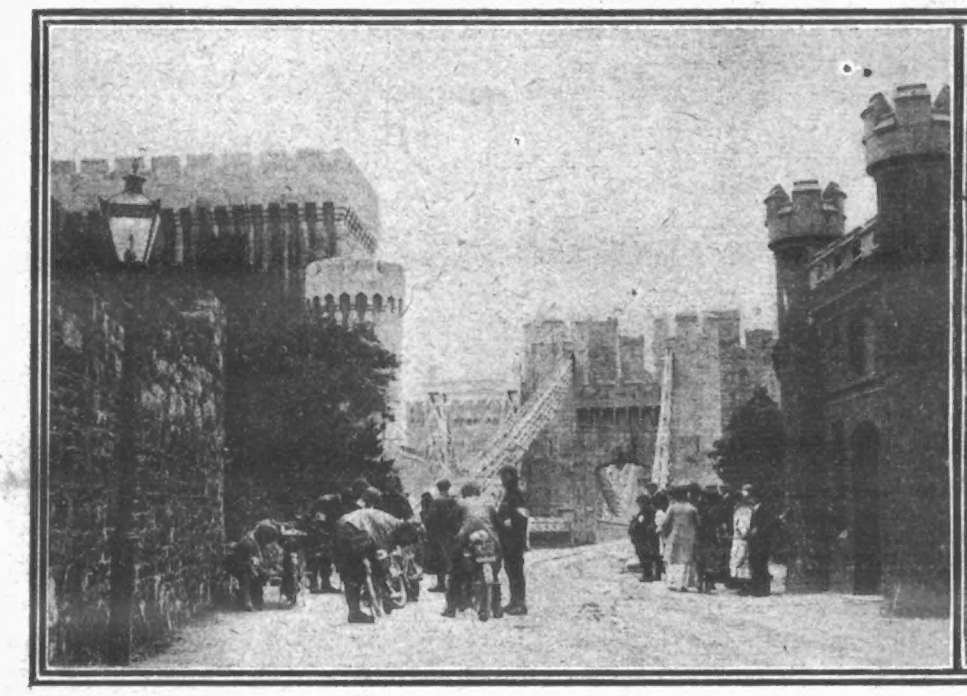
THE INTERNATIONAL MILE RACE AT HERNE HILL, WON BY THE FRENCHMAN, DEVOISSOUX.

C. B. KINGSBURY,
who upheld England's supremacy in the International Cycling Races at Herne Hill Track. He won both the lap and half-mile races, thus retaining the championship for England.



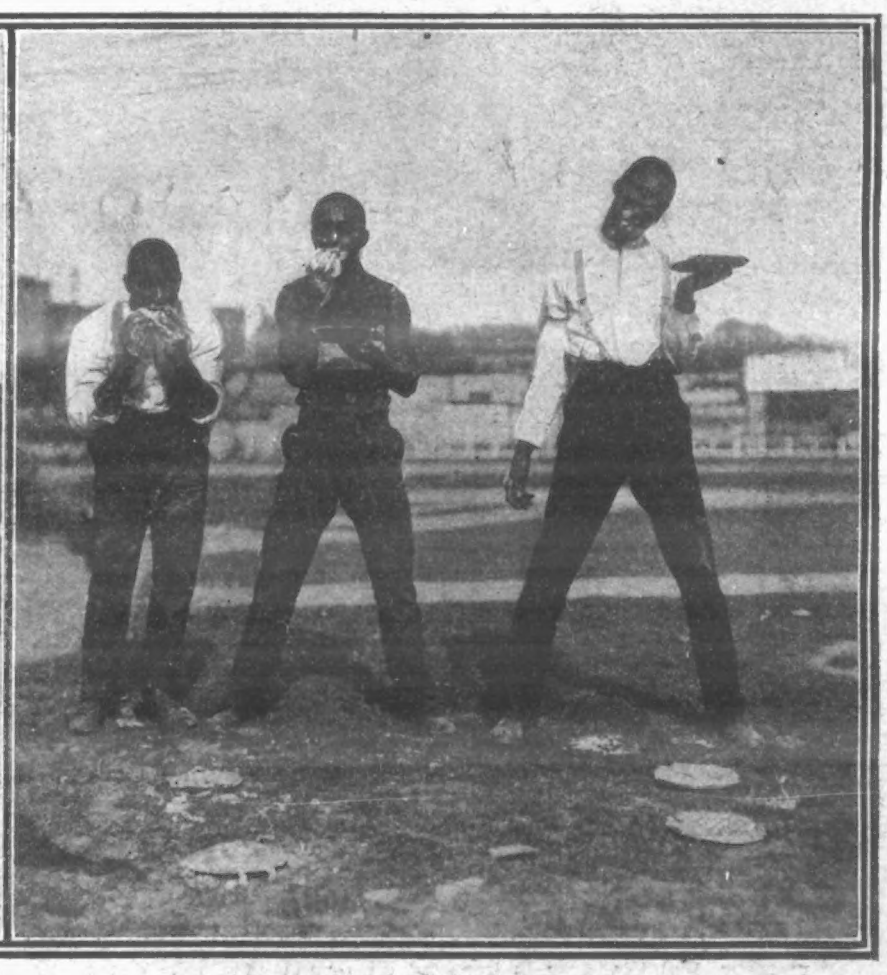
TROTTING DONKEYS AT MARSEILLES.
This form of amusement is very popular at Marseilles, and our photograph gives an excellent idea of it. Note the crowded stands.

In the Yeovil and District Senior Cricket League the Stoke-under-Ham Club still maintain their unbroken record, having played and won eleven games. On Saturday last they defeated Montacute, at Montacute, by an innings and three runs. Batting first, the cup-holders, Montacute, were all dismissed for 10 runs, T. Lang capturing six wickets for 5 runs, and S. Welsh four wickets for 4 runs. Stoke replied by scoring 44, R. Southcombe (20) being the only batsman to reach double figures. J. Wright captured four wickets for 13 runs, and H. Woodhouse five wickets for 29 runs. At their second attempt Montacute scored 31 runs, J. Wright (9) being top scorer. S. Welsh captured four wickets for 10 runs and T. Lang five wickets for 16 runs. Stoke has now won the cup; they have only one more game to play, which will be played at Stoke next Saturday, the visitors being South Petherton. In the same League, Barwick and Stoford defeated Petters United by 14 runs on the first innings. Scores: Petters United, 18 and 45; Barwick and Stoford, 32, and 21 for two wickets. For Barwick, in both innings, A. Smith captured eleven wickets for 15 runs, Pollard four for 20 runs. South Petherton, 106 for six, declared (J. Hebditch, 35); Crewkerne, 75.



Photos. M. Dixon.

THE SIX DAYS' MOTOR CYCLE RELIABILITY TRIALS.
Early arrivals waiting outside the historical Carnarvon Castle, where a control was situated.
The start from Coventry in a shower of rain.



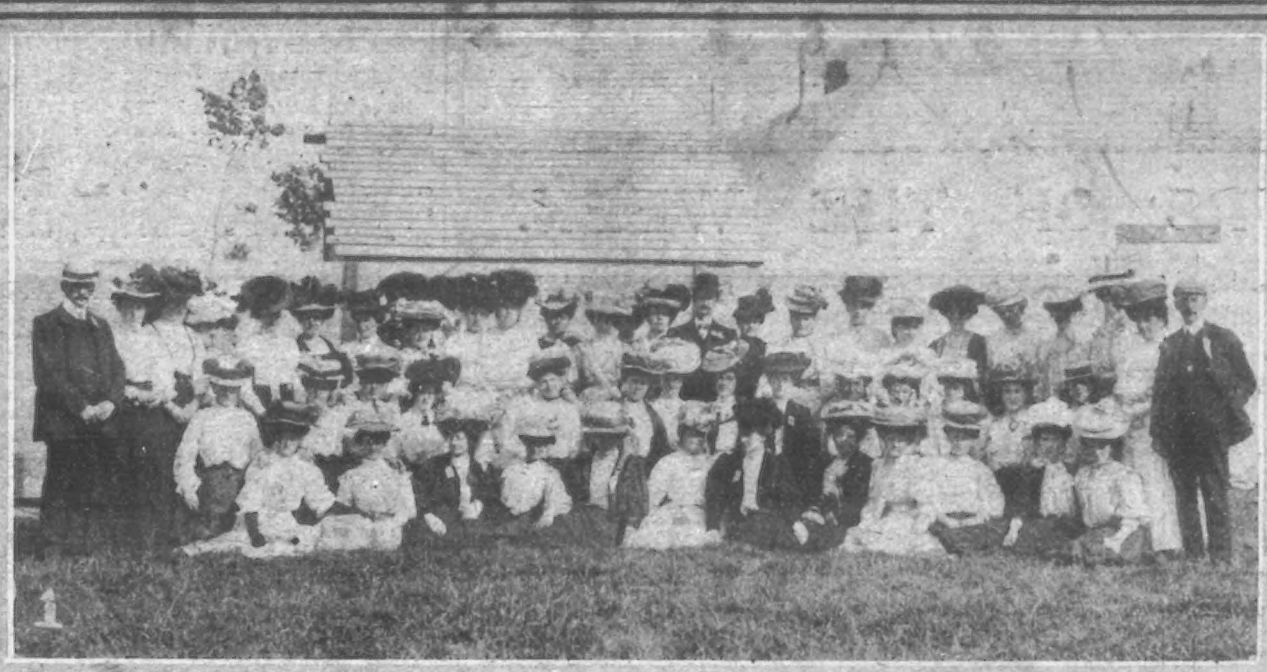
ACTORS v. MANAGERS.
This baseball was played in aid of the funds of the New York Children's Hospital. It was not a serious affair, as may be judged by observing the gentleman in the birdcage; but it afforded great entertainment.

PIE-EATING TO HELP CHILDREN.
This is quite a common form of amusement in the States, the competitors always being negroes. The amusement seems to be confined to the spectators, judging from the expression on the face of one of the competitors.

WHERE THE MOORISH REBELS DIE.

Those ultra-tender-hearted people who shout in the Press about the brutality of our prison life would do well to visit the prisons of Morocco. They are not specially built for the purpose, but are usually the courtyard of some disused private house. The patio is covered in to prevent the captives climbing over the wall. The prisoners must be kept by their friends or must earn their living by doing basket-work. There are no regular warders, but the door is kept by an armed sentinel. The state of the prisoner who has no friends may be imagined, especially when it is remembered that quite a common punishment is the cutting off of a hand. A tourist through Morocco—in more peaceful times—will find these maimed men begging at street corners. A Moor seldom knows the meaning of mercy, and his punishments are more terrible than his crimes. Our picture shows two more captives just being kicked into prison.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod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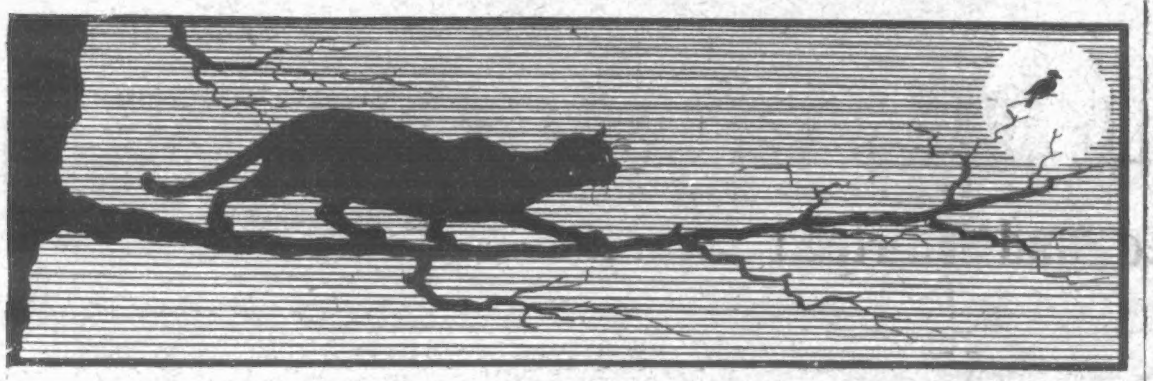
The Welsh National Eisteddfod is undoubtedly one of the few really picturesque ceremonies still left to us, and it is to be hoped that the craze for modernity will still allow it to continue for many years. This year it was most successful, despite the fact that the collapse of a promenade behind the great pavilion nearly caused a serious panic. Luckily, however, it was averted, and the resulting injuries were only of a slight nature. Photograph No. 2 shows an injured lady being attended to; No. 1. The Pontypridd Ladies' Choir, winners of the first prize; 3. Archdruid Dyfed making his opening speech, attended by his Bards, among the Druid stones in Cwmdenkin Park; 4. Little Welsh girls singing "Land of Our Fathers" in the Gorsedd Ring.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Blameless.

Donald M'Guid, an elder of the kirk and a strict Sabbatarian, was particularly severe upon Sandy M'Tavish for his shortcomings. That worthy, who had his doubts as to the elder's sincerity, determined to get even with him at the first opportunity.

A skilful angler, he one day captured an extra good basket of trout, and resolved to present a part of his catch to the elder. The gift having been duly accepted, the wily Sandy remarked casually—

"But, elder, I clean forgot to mention—the fish were caught on Sunday."

"Weel, Sandy," returned the other, gazing eagerly at the contents of the basket, "I dinna think that is the fault o' the trout." — *Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Wanted to Know.

When a certain eccentric millionaire engaged a young man as secretary, he did not tell him at what hour in the morning to report himself.

The youth appeared at nine, but found the millionaire at work. Nothing was said about the secretary being late.

The next day he presented himself at half-past eight, only to find his energetic employer ahead of him.

So on the following day he came at eight o'clock, with the same result.

Determined to be there before his employer, he came at half-past seven the next day, only to be greeted, as he entered the room, by the millionaire with the question—

"Young man, will you tell me what you do with your forenoons?"—*Chums.*

Great Opportunities.

The millionaire frowned, and gently stroked the ear of his thousand-pound bull-dog.

"And so," he said, "you want to marry my daughter?"

"I do," replied the young man, as the sweat rolled from him and trickled gracefully on the gorgeous carpet.

"What are your prospects?" the great man asked. "Is there any chance of promotion in your business?"

"Not one chance, but a hundred and ninety-eight!" said the young man proudly. "Our firm employs two hundred men, and my job is next to the lowest. Yes, Sir, I'm bound to rise!"

Then the thousand-pound bull-dog was released to do its fell work.—*Answers.*

A Business Brain.

"There is a small boy living in my neighbourhood who, if he doesn't lose his life through just retribution, will undoubtedly grow up to become a great financier," declared Jones. "For some time my wife has possessed a pup that has no excuse for living. But she thinks that he is the finest dog in the place. Finally, the animal became so unbearable to me that I resolved to end the nuisance. Chancing to meet the small boy in question one day, I said to him—

"'See here, my boy, do you want to earn half-a-crown?'

"'Rather!' said he.

"'Well, then,' said I, 'you go up to my house, watch your chance, and steal the pup that you will find around there. When you get him, bring him to my office, and get your half-crown.'

"Within two hours the boy was back with the animal tied to a rope.

"'What shall I do with him?' he asked, after I paid him.

"'I don't care,' I snapped; 'take him home and keep him, if you want to.'

"That night, I discovered my wife in tears, and I was informed between sobs that poor little Fido was missing. The next day she had an advertisement inserted in all the papers, offering ten shillings reward for his return. The third day, she met me joyfully at the door, and announced that poor Fido had been found.

"'Where?' I asked, concealing a groan.

"'A little boy brought him back,' she answered.

"'What kind of boy?' I asked suspiciously.

"'A small boy, with the most honest face that I ever saw on a boy. I gave him a shilling extra.'

"Need I say who that boy was?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Where the Flowers Came From.

Johnny was a kind-hearted little boy, though poor and ragged, and his teacher was much touched by his bringing her every morning a bunch of flowers. Sometimes they were beautiful hothouse blooms, sometimes they were but garden blossoms, but always they were a little faded.

But what mattered that? The kind thought that prompted the gift was the main thing.

One day the bouquet consisted of orchids, and the teacher was more than ever puzzled how the boy got them.

"Johnny," she said, "where do you get all these flowers? You don't steal them, I hope?"

"Oh, no, Ma'am!" said Johnny. "My father's a dustman!"

Does anyone know why there reposed in the teacher's waste-paper basket that evening a bunch of orchids, and why her flower-glass is empty?

He Rebelled.

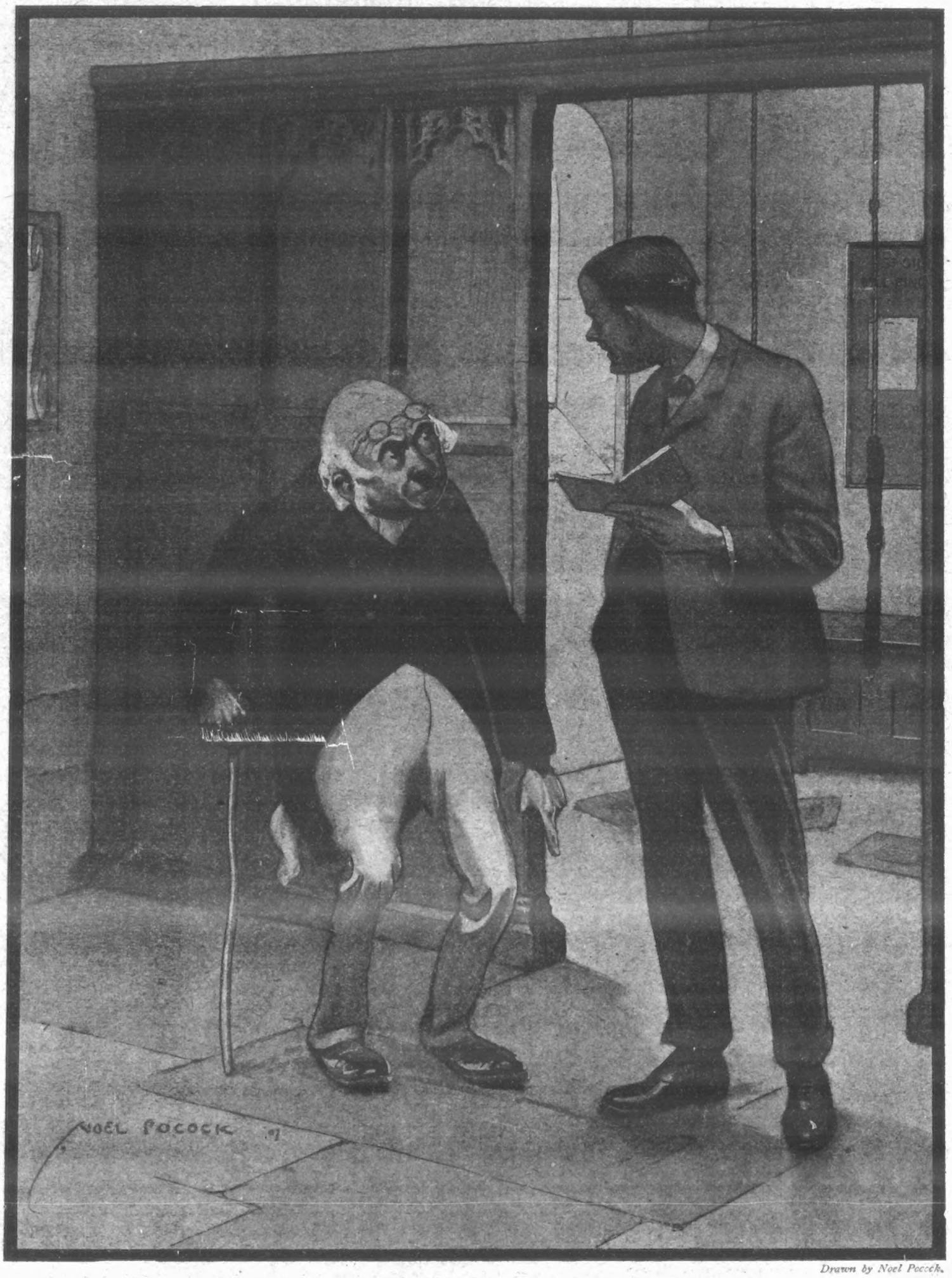
The other evening a countryman brought his sweetheart into a West-End theatre.

Going up to the ticket-office, the girl hanging on to the sleeve of his jacket, he banged down a sovereign and said—

"Twa seats!"

"Stalls?" inquired the ticket-clerk.

"Look here, my man," said the countryman rather sharply, "dinna think because we come frae the country that we're cattle! Gie's twa cooshioned seats!"



Drawn by Noel Pocock.

GRAVE DOUBTS.

THE VERACIOUS VERGER: In the far corner lies William the Conker; be'ind the orgin, where you can't see 'em, are the tooms o' Guy Fox, Robin 'Ood, and Cardinal Wolsey. Now does that guide-book as I sees yer 'ave in yer 'and tell yer who is lyin' *here*, Sir?

THE SCEPTICAL TOURIST: No; but I can guess!

THE SHEFFIELD CHAR-A-BANC SMASH.

Three Killed and Thirteen Injured.

A terrible motor char-a-banc accident, resulting in the death of three people, has taken place at Mosborough, near Sheffield. Thirty people of Sheffield hired the cart for a day's excursion, and were returning at night when the vehicle skidded in endeavouring to pass a doctor's carriage. Despite the efforts of the driver, the char-a-banc crashed into a wall, entirely demolishing a part of it, as shown in our photograph, causing the death of three people, and injuring thirteen others more or less seriously.

MANŒUVRES END MADLY.

A FATAL result has attended the cavalry charge that took place between the 1st Cavalry Brigade and the Household Cavalry in the manœuvres during the sham fight near Hungerford on Saturday.

Private Lewis, 21st Lancers, died on Monday from injuries received, and nearly twenty others are under treatment at Aldershot.

Eye-witnesses state the charge was one of the most remarkable that has happened in England.

The rival brigades were led by Colonel Fenwick, of the Royal Horse Guards, and Brigadier-General Byng, each having about 1000 troopers under him; the former being Life Guards and Horse Guards (Blue), the latter being all Lancers, fortunately without their lances, and comprising the 5th, 16th, and 21st.

The two bodies of cavalry, in trying to take each other at a disadvantage, made for the same hill in the middle of the Berkshire Downs. They reached the opposite side in ignorance of each other's presence, and rode for the top.

The story of what followed is graphically narrated by an injured Lancer who is lying in the Cambridge Hospital at Aldershot.

"We had ridden," he said, "at a good round pace for four miles, in the hope of reaching the top of Weathercock Hill, and getting a chance of making a dash at the Guards. From there we rode up the slope almost without slackening, the horses pulling at their bits in a way that showed they were fit and eager.

CHARGED FOR THE ENEMY.

"As we reached the top our scouts came galloping back to say that the enemy were riding up the hill on the other side, and the order was given to gallop.

"Nothing was said about a charge, but a moment later the enemy's ranks rode clean into view, right in front of us.

"General French and his staff, who were riding ahead of us, galloped to one side, and, without being told, we simply charged straight for the enemy.

"I went down with half-a-dozen. I clung to a leader of the Guards, whom I had grabbed in the shock, and for a minute or so I was bewildered with the riot and the pain of an injured leg.

GENERAL FRENCH'S ESCAPE.

"Then the two forces were separated, and I saw all round me men and horses on the ground. There must have been over fifty dismounted. The wonder is that General French escaped, as a minute before the shock he was right in front.

"The men all seemed to go mad during the onslaught, and the horses seemed just as delirious as their riders.

"The whole affair was so unexpected, and happened so suddenly, that the confusion was indescribable. It is just the very thing that might have occurred in real warfare."

NOT AN AMERICAN STORY.

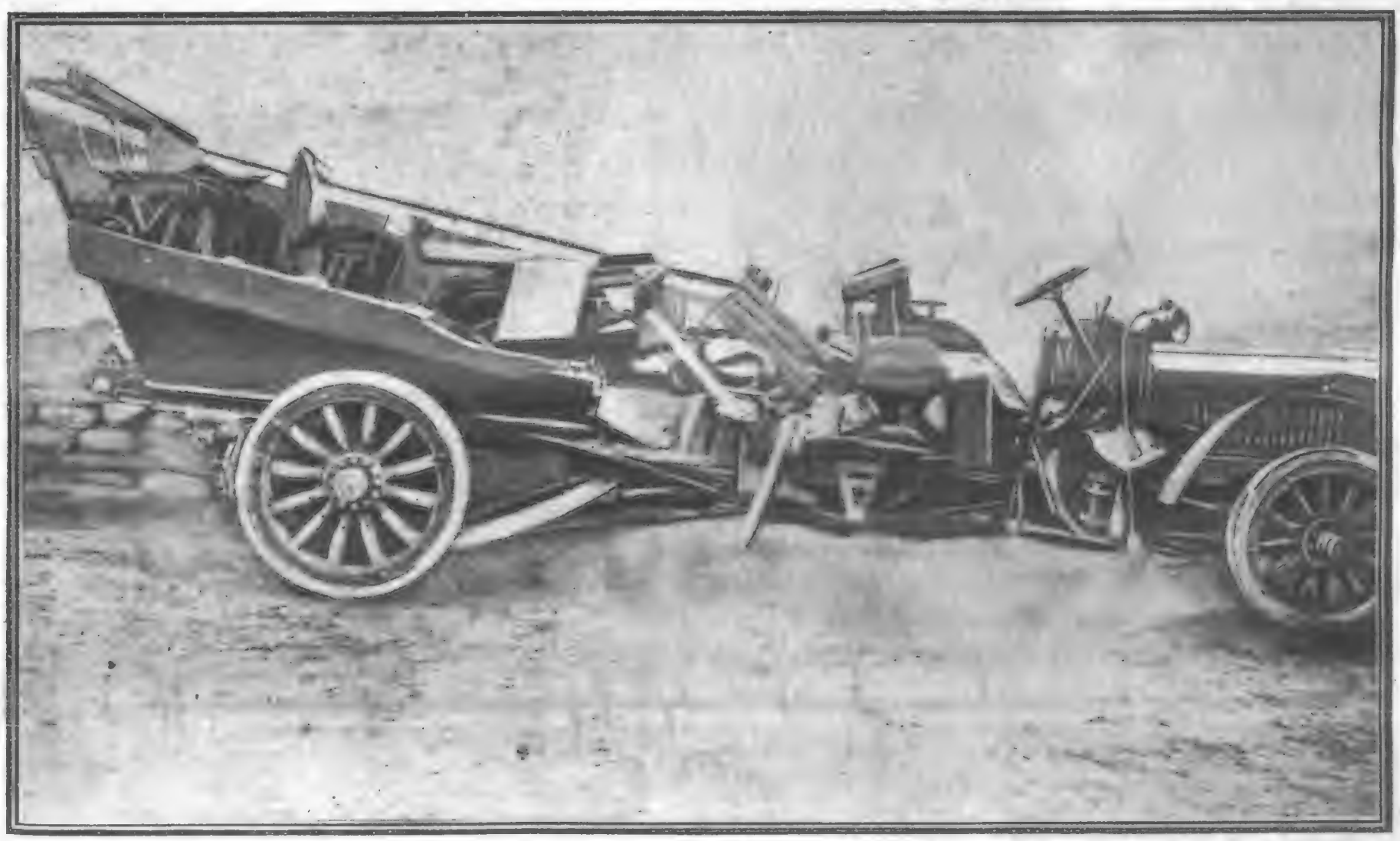
IT is stated that a miner has sent to the Zoological Gardens, Perth, W.A., a live toad which he dug out of a stratum of hard cement. When released from confinement the toad was quite inanimate. Its eyes showed no pupils. It gradually became normal, however, and it is now in good health. The space in which it was confined was perfectly smooth, and there was no room for movement.

MOROCCO WAR INJURES LANCASHIRE.

LANCASHIRE has suffered heavily through the troubles in Morocco, which, unfortunately, still appear far from at an end. The exports from the county usually total about £700,000 worth of cotton goods to that country, and it was confidently expected that the trade this year would be even better, as the Morocco harvests have been plentiful. The disturbances, however, have completely stopped all trade with England.

BOMBS AND BUNKUM

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph* in Lisbon sends a long letter which shows that the story of a recent bomb explosion and the discovery of a plot for the assassination of the King and the President of the Council is an absolute fabrication. The report was originated by a mutual aid society, which has assumed the task of carrying on a campaign against Senhor Joao Franco, because it considers that the economies effected by the Premier are detrimental to its interests. The bomb explosion is an ancient affair, to which nobody attached the least importance. The correspondent states that the news of the plot was sent by mail to Paris, whence it was telegraphed all over the world. The Lisbon newspapers have not concerned themselves with the matter. A state of tranquillity prevails all over Portugal.



The remains of the wrecked char-a-banc, showing how the force of the impact broke away all the forward seats and caused death and suffering to the passengers, who, only a few moments before, had had no thought save for the enjoyment of their excursion. The names of the killed are: Ben Handley, bricklayer, Boston Street; Fred Fearn, clerk, Abbeydale Road; William Harrison, aged 7, Barron Street. The seriously injured were: Albert Frudd, of Holland Meadows, both legs broken and a scalp wound; and Edith Slack, Arley Street, fractured skull. Others hurt less seriously were: Lizzie Elwood, Arthur Webster, Fred Parkins, Annie Elizabeth Pickford, Eliza Handley, Emily Handley, Elizabeth Fearn, and Sarah Shadland. Curiously enough, the chauffeur was uninjured.

Our Splendid Serial. ***Sensation and Mystery.***

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV. *(Continued.)*

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

"YOU are a fury," grumbled Mendle, but, nevertheless, he sat down without attempting to execute his threat.

"Then don't rouse the worst that is in me."

"Let us talk," he said, in a business-like tone. "Losing our tempers doesn't forward matters."

"I quite agree with you," said Lady Cobbin tartly, "but you provoked me. Keep a civil tongue in your head."

"I discharge you! I discharge you!" said Mendle, in a white heat of passion at the contempt in her tone. "Go away at once."

"When I am ready," she retorted, seating herself. "Come,"—she struck a sharp blow on the table—"we will resume our relations—our business relations. I have come to make my report. I don't mind telling you all that I have learned, as you can't move without me, and, moreover, between Wilfred and you, I stand to defend him, and to thwart you—if you take any steps."

"That would seem as though Wilfred, as you call him, were guilty."

"Circumstances look black against him," admitted Lady Cobbin reluctantly, "but they have looked black before against equally innocent men. Justice is blind."

"And so is love," snapped the lawyer. "Both Cupid and Themis wear a bandage, and both carry weapons, and——"

"Oh, the deuce take your classical allusions," interrupted Lady Cobbin, who was very much the woman at the moment, "this isn't business. Will you hear my report?"

"Yes," said Mendle sullenly, but submitting to the influence of her stronger will. "Go on. I am listening."

Milady—for she became Milady the moment her recital began—related all that had taken place from the moment she had left Mendle in Golden Square to go to Clement Street. The lawyer, making impressions on his blotting-paper with a pencil-point, listened in silence and without raising his eyes. When she had finished he threw down the pencil and looked at her squarely.

"All that you have told me goes to prove that Darton is guilty."

"I said that things looked black against him," she confessed.

"Undoubtedly he met Arthur on that night and strangled him to gain possession of those papers."

"You can't prove that."

"Why, Arthur told Belinda, and——"

"That is second-hand evidence. You will have to get a confession from Wilfred himself that he met Arthur Gerson. And he won't make it; I won't allow him to make it."

"You would obstruct the law?"

"I would ruin the whole world to save Wilfred."

"Ah, then, you admit it is needful to save him?"

"I have admitted it—to you. But I admit it to no one else."

"But suppose I act on this information?"

"Then I'll ruin you," said Lady Cobbin, looking at him desperately.

"You can't."

"Can't I? That remains to be seen. At all events, I'll prevent your marriage with Belinda."

"How can you do that?" demanded Mendle, chuckling. "You know nothing against me. I am not afraid of you."

"I daresay," she rejoined contemptuously, "you have always done your dirty work with great secrecy."

"Oh, no! I left my dirty work to you on all occasions."

"Do you want your head banged again?" asked Lady Cobbin in a threatening tone. "Because you will have it, if you don't mind."

"How can you prevent my marriage with Belinda?" asked the lawyer irrelevantly.

"By bringing her and Wilfred together again. They have parted."

"No!" Mendle looked delighted. "Then she thinks——"

"I don't know what she thinks, and I don't care. As things stand, I am glad they have parted, because I love and wish to marry the man. But if you intend to hurt him, I'll sacrifice myself to save him—that is, I'll see Miss Gerson and get her to marry Darton."

"Humph! He may spend his honeymoon in prison."

"Possibly, but you will lose your chance of getting five thousand a year, besides the girl you profess to love. Well"—she paused, and as Mendle made no reply, went on—"I take it that you are prepared to work along with me."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Mendle sulkily.

"I propose to marry Wilfred and to make Belinda marry you."

"But what about the discovery of the assassin?"

"I'll think of what is best to be done," said Lady Cobbin, rising. "I may tell you that, in spite of circumstantial evidence, I don't believe that Wilfred murdered Arthur Gerson."

"Why don't you believe it?"

"He is not that sort of man," she replied hesitatingly.

"Love is blind," chuckled Mendle again. "I could astonish you——"

"In what way?" she demanded swiftly.

"In the way you least expect."

"Ah! You have some evidence against Wilfred?"

"Perhaps. But at present I shan't tell you anything about it."

"Why not?"

"Because Belinda comes here in half an hour. When I have seen her I may tell you what I have discovered."

"I see; you know enough to force her to accept you?"

"Yes, I do. She leaves this office as my promised wife, or——"

"Or you make things unpleasant for Wilfred. I understand."

"No you don't. I have acknowledged nothing."

"Pooh!" said Lady Cobbin, pulling on her gloves and going to the door with a shrug. "You daren't move without me. I have your promise to leave Wilfred alone."

"Yes," said Mendle promptly, "we must work together to bring about what we want."

"The marriages?"

"The marriages, of course," said Mendle, smiling confidentially, and Lady Cobbin went out. She was quite sure that Mendle required her services to fulfil his wishes, and therefore had no fear that he would move in any hostile way against Wilfred.

Mendle sat for a long time at his desk after she retired, leaning his head on his hands and thinking deeply. So far he was extremely pleased at the way in which events were shaping. But he was not surprised, as he had long foreseen what would happen. Darton was certainly in a difficult position. Belinda apparently believed him to be guilty, and Lady Cobbin had set her heart on marrying him. Owing to circumstances, he would assuredly be forced to act as both Mendle and Lady Cobbin wished. If he rebelled, he would run a very good chance of being arrested, and, once in gaol, it would not be easy for him to prove his innocence. Things being thus, Belinda, bereft of her lover, would fall an easy prey to the man who held that lover's fate in his hands. And Mendle, supported by Lady Cobbin's cleverness, felt that he was the man.

When the time came for Belinda to appear in the dingy old office, Mendle made a sort of perfunctory toilette. He washed his hands and touched up his spare hair, and settled his black tie, and brushed his untidy clothes. He really did love the girl, apart from the fact that she now possessed the money he had lost, and wished to appear at his best in her eyes. But on looking—according to Lady Cobbin's advice—in the small mirror, which dangled over the office washstand, he was obliged to confess that he was not handsome. However, he hoped that power and brains would serve in place of mere good looks, whereby he could secure his ends.

Shortly after the appointed hour Miss Gerson arrived. She was arrayed in expensive furs, and looked as dainty as though she had stepped out of a Christmas card. Certainly her face was extremely pale, and her eyes showed the traces of tears, but the resigned look she wore suited her pensive face, and ethereal-ised her beauty. The thought passed through Mendle's restless mind that no one could possibly be as holy as Belinda Gerson looked.

"I was surprised to get your wire," he said gently, and when she was seated in a comfortable chair; "it is not usual for me to receive ladies in this dull office. Why did you not call on me in Rutland Square?"

"I could not wait," confessed the girl, with a weary sigh, "you were gone early, and so I sent that wire saying I would come here this afternoon. I have much to say."

"About pleasant things, I trust," said Mendle politely.

Belinda looked at him sadly. "There are no pleasant things in my life now," she said in almost a tearful tone. Then she braced herself. "I have come to talk to you about Wilfred."

"Yes," said Mendle cautiously, and waited.

"You have engaged that woman——"

"Lady Cobbin?"

"Milady, the inquiry-agent," said Belinda coldly. "Why not give her the professional name she uses? Well, you have engaged her, and she called yesterday. Ellen Parley also called, saying that she was Arthur's wife. Are you astonished?"

"Oh, dear me, no," replied Mendle easily. "Lady Cobbin, or Milady, if you will, has just been here to tell me everything."

"Did she tell you that she suspected Wilfred?" asked Belinda suddenly, and looked piercingly at her former guardian.

"She did, and on very good grounds. They are——"

"I don't want to hear them," interrupted the girl, much moved. "I know that things looked black against Wilfred"—she unconsciously used the very words of the inquiry-agent—"and now it is thought that he met Arthur on that night, about——"

"He did meet him," said Mendle, slipping his hand into a drawer of the desk. "You know that Mrs. Gerson lives with her father, Parley, my clerk. Well, then, Arthur stopped there also at times, although he kept his marriage secret lest I should be obliged to exercise the provision of the will, which forbade him to marry. He there received a letter from Dr. Darton."

"A letter!" breathed Belinda, almost fainting.

"Yes. Parley found it in the waste-paper basket—a portion of it only. Here is the torn scrap." Mendle produced it. "You will see that Dr. Darton writes that he will meet Arthur, according

"Destroy it," she gasped, "destroy it, and——" "And what?" "And I'll marry you."

to appointment, at the top of Shore Lane at half-past eleven o'clock. The explanation for the reason of the meeting is torn off, as is the signature. But you can recognise the writing."

"Yes. Still, that letter, while showing that Wilfred went to meet Arthur, also shows that he is innocent. Arthur was murdered at eleven."

Mendle smiled, and put away the precious scrap of paper with care. "I remember that, at the inquest, Darton confessed that he had left the theatre early. After putting you in a cab, he might easily have met Arthur at eleven instead of half-past. He might have been hanging round the spot. Arthur, on his way in the cab to me, might have passed Shore Lane earlier, and on seeing Darton may have stopped to speak to him."

"You forget that Harriet was in the cab," said Belinda sharply.

"No. She confessed to me that she left it some time before the hour of eleven o'clock. The cab broke down at the top of Shore Lane——"

"Arthur stopped it you mean, and made the excuse of a breakage to get rid of Harriet."

"I daresay," chuckled Mendle. "And that proves my contention as regards the murder having been committed by Darton. However, there is no need for you and I to worry. I can hand this to the police"—he touched the drawer containing the torn letter—"they can deal with it."

"No! No!" cried Belinda wildly, "it might hang Wilfred."

"I am quite certain it will," said Mendle unpleasantly.

"Destroy it," she gasped, "destroy it, and——"

"And what?"

"And I'll marry you."

CHAPTER XV.

A FORLORN HOPE.

So Belinda had surrendered, after all, and in a most unexpected way. Mendle had long foreseen that he would bring her to this point, but he had anticipated that she would make a fight for it. Without doubt, she believed that her lover was guilty, else she would have made an effort to repel her new wooer and retain the old one. But the production of that incriminating letter making the appointment between the dead man and his supposed murderer had clinched the matter. It was with open joy that Mendle received the promise of marriage.

"You will become my wife?" he said, starting to his feet.

"Yes," said Belinda, with a weary sigh, "to save Wilfred."

"Does my love count for nothing?" said Mendle, disappointed and therefore exacting in his demands.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, do not let us talk of love!" cried the girl restlessly, and looked at him in anything but an amiable way. "To save Wilfred I pay your price. That is enough."

"You talk as though we were making a bargain."

"And are we not? Is there anything about you, Lewis, that I should desire you as my husband?"

"I have been your true friend and faithful guardian."

"I do not deny that," replied Belinda generously. "Seeing that you had full control of the money, you have behaved very well. I always admitted that, and always defended you when Arthur abused you. Also, when you lost the money, you paid it over without a murmur."

"I did," said Mendle, quite moved by his honesty. "Yet it would have been easy for me to have invested the capital in foreign stock and to have left England. I have been scrupulously straight with the money; therefore I deserve some reward."

"You are getting what you desire," she replied scornfully; "my hand and my fortune."

"I also wish for your heart."

"That belongs to Wilfred."

"What! to a criminal?"

Belinda clenched her hands and gasped. "You have no right to say that he is a criminal."

Mendle laughed bitterly. "Were he not you would refuse to become my wife. It is because you believe him to be guilty that you are so ready to accept my terms."

"So long as I have accepted them there is no need to discuss my reasons," declared Belinda with great dignity.

Mendle should have been warned by her manner not to probe too deeply; but the unsatisfied hunger of his heart prompted him to persist in demanding the impossible. "I want love," he said plaintively; "I want your love."

"Love!" cried Belinda indignantly, "you do not know the meaning of the word, Lewis. To you love means possession, to me it reads sacrifice. If you really and truly loved me you would be prepared to surrender my hand and to help Wilfred without hesitation. But your love is simply a selfish emotion which moves you to gain your own ends, irrespective of the pain you may cause to me, whom you say that you love. I don't want to marry you, but I am willing to do so in order to save Wilfred. I have said so twice before, and yet you still hold me to my promise."

"Because I adore you," he pleaded.

"You adore no one save yourself," she retorted. "You are a Shylock of love. Well"—she flung out her hands—"here is your pound of flesh, my good Jew. Take it, and with it a broken-hearted woman."

"You speak wildly."

"I speak from my heart. And let me remind you, if you insist upon sober conversation, that you have not yet agreed to my proposal."

"What proposal?"

"That letter must be destroyed at once."

"Pardon me; when we are married."

"Ah," she exclaimed scornfully and bitterly, "you do not trust me."

"I do not. Why should I, when you confess to still loving that man?"

"Why should I not love him? He is in difficulties, and needs a friend to help him. In only one way can I do so, and that is by averting suspicion from him."

"But if he is guilty?"

"He is not guilty. I swear that he is not guilty."

"Then why do you act as though he were?" Mendle not unnaturally asked, struck by her vehemence.

Belinda leaned her head wearily on her hand, and her elbow on the desk, as she answered. "I admit that the circumstantial evidence is strong against him," she said in a low voice. "I cannot help seeing that. It is my heart that will not allow me to accuse him. The man I love can never be guilty of a vile murder."

"Will you tell me precisely what are the circumstances to which you allude?" asked Mendle, seating himself, and speaking coldly.

"I think you know them, else you would not have engaged Milady to hunt down Wilfred. On the night of the murder, when Arthur—wretched boy—was at dinner, he declared, being excited with drink, that he was going to disgrace Wilfred."

"In what way?"

"I cannot tell you that," said Miss Gerson rapidly. "I implored him all the way to the theatre to tell me exactly what he meant. But he was more sober then, and refused to speak even as freely as he had done. All I could gather was that he had appointed to meet Wilfred on that night in order to come to some agreement with him. If Wilfred did not agree, Arthur said that he would disgrace him, and so stop my marriage. He left me at the theatre, and there Wilfred joined me in the stalls. I told him what Arthur had said, and he merely laughed, saying that Arthur could not hurt him, and was only trying to frighten me into marriage with Sir Samuel Embers. Wilfred confessed that he was to meet Arthur on that night, and said that if any quarrel took place he would come and tell me at Clement Street, however late the hour. That was why I waited up, and why, on seeing you with Harriet, I asked if it was Wilfred. I mistook you for him."

"I understand. And then?"

"You accused both Harriet and myself of knowing about the murder. He did not. But remembering how Arthur had boasted, and what Wilfred had said about a possible quarrel, I saw in a flash that Wilfred might be accused."

"In fact, you guessed that Darton was guilty?"

"I did, heaven forgive me!" cried Belinda vehemently; "I did believe that for one moment—but, on reflection, I could not believe that he had committed a crime. Nor do I believe it now. I fainted when you mentioned those papers, and said that you would tell the police, for Arthur had also mentioned the papers."

"Did he say what was set forth in them?"

"No. I tell you he said very little. You accused me of committing the crime——"

"Pardon me," interrupted the solicitor swiftly, "I did not accuse you myself. I simply reported Embers' accusation."

"On the strength of my foolish speech to Arthur," said Belinda in a scornful tone. "I spoke wildly, as I confessed, but I don't think, Lewis, that you ever believed me to be guilty."

"No, I did not——"

"But you were willing to believe," she cried, starting up with her face crimson and her eyes flashing. "You hoped by threatening me to bring about this wretched marriage. Had I been the weak girl that you thought I was—the girl I was forced by my helpless position to feign to be—you would have accomplished your object. But as I defied you, more or less, you cast about for another way of gaining your ends, and so set Milady on Wilfred's track. Well, this time you have been successful. He is innocent, but you can hang him through sheer circumstantial evidence. You shall not; and to prevent you I have consented to sacrifice myself. Last night I dismissed Wilfred out of my life; to-day I bring you into it, as my husband. But if you move one step in the direction which will bring harm to the man I love, I break my promise. Now you know." She buttoned her fur coat slowly and pulled down her veil. "There is no more to be said."

"You have certainly spoken very plainly," said Mendle, biting his white lips, "and have made me out to be quite a villain."

"I don't call you that," said Belinda, pausing at the door; "but I think that you are a hard man, else you would not insist upon my becoming your wife."

"Am I so objectionable?" he asked wrathfully.

"To me you are—as a husband, but not in any other way. But I am helpless in the grip of circumstances, as Wilfred is. You can arrange about the marriage when you like and where you like. But before the ceremony takes place you will burn that incriminating letter before my eyes."

"After the ceremony," insisted the would-be husband.

"Before it," said Belinda firmly, "else I shall not marry you."

Mendle hesitated. He was astonished at her firmness, and, since she was so willing to sacrifice herself, he agreed to do what she wanted. If, indeed, she played him false at the eleventh hour, and after the letter was destroyed, he might be able in some way to bring disaster on the dismissed lover. It will be seen that Mendle quite forgot his agreement with Lady Cobbin, and for the moment he forgot everything else, including the disgrace of this wooing by threats. The sight of Belinda's pale face and beautiful eyes, and the knowledge that he had loved her hopelessly for years, sent him mad. Now that he had gained what he had wished for, he desired her to show that love which she was far from feeling.

"I agree to destroy the letter before the ceremony," he said, walking to where she stood at the door, and speaking hoarsely, "but as I am so willing to do what you want, surely—surely——" He paused.

"Surely what?" asked Belinda, not guessing what he meant.

"Surely you will kiss me." Then, as she started back with a look of absolute repulsion on her face, his long-repressed passion got the better of him, and he essayed to fling his arms round her. Belinda pushed him back fiercely and with a cry of horror.

"If you dare to kiss me I'll kill you where you stand."

"You spoke like that to Arthur," he said between his teeth.

"And I say it to you," she rejoined determinedly; "we will be husband and wife in name only, since you want my money. But if you ever dare to behave as you have done, I'll—I'll——" She panted and glared in a way which frightened him. And Mendle, as has been seen, was a terrible coward. With a tittering laugh to cover his confusion, he tried to be poetical.

"Your lips——"

"Are sacred to Wilfred Darton's kiss," she said clearly and coldly, and the next moment she was gone, leaving the lawyer raging but impotent. He could do nothing with this girl.

"By heaven, I'll have that man hanged!" he cried childishly.

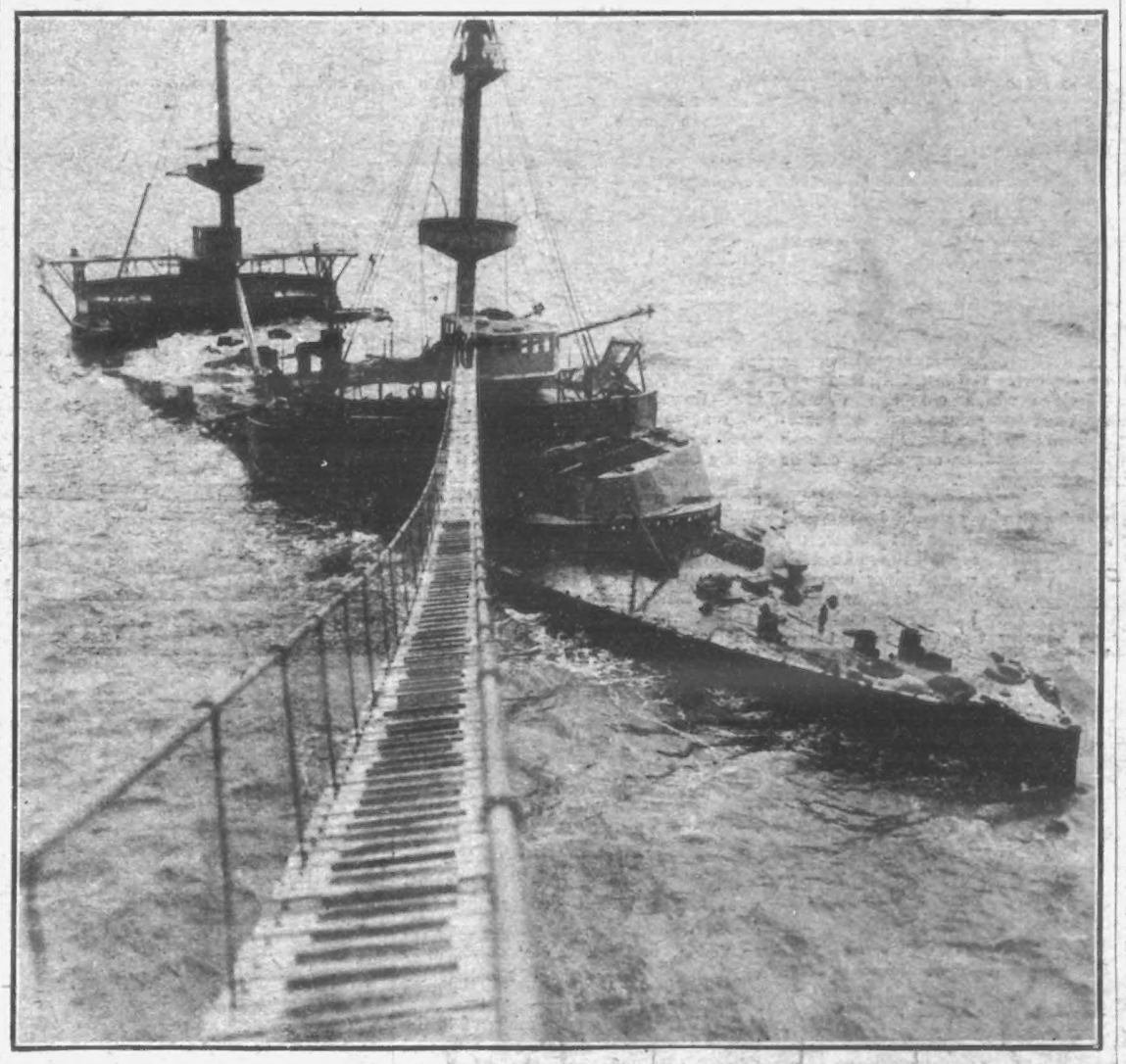
But saner counsels prevailed when he remembered the agreement made with Lady Cobbin and the reckless character of that person. Still with a keen desire to inflict hurt upon the Doctor, he sat down there and then to write a letter, saying that he was going to marry Miss Gerson in February, and hoped that Darton would be at the wedding. The lawyer knew that hanging itself would be less painful to the young man. In this way, and by inflicting vicarious pain, did Mendle punish Belinda for the scorn she had displayed.

Mendle would have been more than satisfied had he seen the Doctor's face next morning when the letter came to hand. Darton could scarcely believe his eyes when he read the insulting missive. But he was forced to think that his rival wrote truly, as the whole behaviour of Belinda gave colour to the cruel statement. But Darton did not rave under the blow, as Mendle had done when angered. His face grew whiter and he ate no breakfast. After a cup of strong coffee, he sat down to consider what was best to be done, and finally decided to send a telegram to the address of Milady in Golden Square, which she had given him. He felt that her sympathy would be of help to him at this crisis. Also he wished to ask her what chance there was of rescuing Belinda from the clutches of the persistent lawyer, who had so easily obtained his own way.

Certainly when the wire was sent Darton felt a trifle nervous as to the visit. Lady Cobbin had looked at him in a very peculiar way when they had last parted. Wilfred, being handsome and attractive, was used to the reckless love-making of women, and was not without experience in putting them off when their attentions became too pressing. But he knew that Lady Cobbin was clever, and knew also that she was much stronger-willed than the average members of her sex. It would not be so easy to thwart her desire to make love, since she had a virile dash in her character, which rendered her domineering and persistent. Darton was strong, but Lady Cobbin, as he thought, might be stronger. For the moment he was tempted to adopt his tactics of the previous day and go out. Then he resolved to stay and face whatever difficulties the coming interview might hold. Finally and immediately before Lady Cobbin arrived, he laughed at himself for being a conceited ass. The woman, he hoped and trusted and tried to make himself believe, might mean nothing serious. A mere flirtation might satisfy her, although Darton did not feel disposed in his present unhappy state to go even so far as platonic philandering.

Lady Cobbin was much fluttered when she received the wire asking her to call at mid-day, and wondered what it might mean. Darton was in trouble, as she readily surmised; but since Mendle had promised to make no move, the trouble could not be connected with the exercise of the law.

(To be continued.)



BRIDGING FOR BONES OF A BATTLESHIP.

The bones of the ill-fated "Montague," which was cast away on Lundy Island over eighteen months ago, are carried away piecemeal by the ship-breakers. Some months ago a syndicate of South Wales adventurers purchased the wreck from the Admiralty for a lump sum, in order to secure the valuable steel and iron composing the hull. A large number of expert ship-breakers were sent out to live on Lundy Island, and to enable them to get to and from their work on the huge carcase an aerial footway, over 500 yards long, was constructed from the top of Lundy's precipitous cliffs to the roof of the chart-house on the wrecked battle-ship. Down this footway the ship-breakers pass to and from their work. The main deck of the wreck is always awash at high water, therefore work can be carried on only for a short time daily.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

WHAT more acceptable present is there for the bride-to-be than an outfit of household linen? Once the home is well started in this way, there is every chance of its being kept up to the same level in after life. Very often the mother of the bride will equip the new home in this respect, while the girl who, through the kindness of some friend or friends, has the chance of spending a ten-guinea cheque towards the furnishing of her new home, cannot do better than be guided by the following list, which has been most carefully compiled by a well-known firm to meet the every-day requirements of a daintily managed household.

A Desirable Wedding Present.

Naturally, the young wife feels a just pride in having the right article for every use. It is satisfactory to feel that every bed is equipped with good warm blankets and a sufficient change of sheets, and that if week-end visitors are expected the supply of clean towels is not likely to run short. One pair of blankets for double-bed (16s. 6d), one under-blanket (3s. 9d.), together with two pairs of calico sheets at half-a-guinea a pair, and two bolster-cases (1s. 3d. each), form the outfit for the best bedroom, with a share of the six calico pillow-cases provided at 8d. each. Then, for a single bed, a pair of blankets (10s. 6d.), an under-blanket (2s. 9d.), and two pairs of sheets at 6s. 6d. a pair are provided; while the servant's bedstead is furnished with a pair of blankets (8s. 6d.), an under-blanket (2s. 9d.), two pairs of stout sheets at 5s. 6d. a pair, two pillow-cases at 6½d. each, and a coloured quilt (3s. 6d.). Very often a bed-spread or a quilt is included among the wedding presents received by the bride, but if not, a large white quilt (11s. 6d.) and a small one (8s. 6d.) will give the finishing touch of neatness to her own and the spare bedroom. Two white toilet-covers (1s. 9d. each) and two at 10½d. each will equip the dressing-chests in both rooms, while for the washand-stands there are six huckaback towels at 8d. each and three white bath-towels at 9½d. each. Three servants' towels are also included in the list at 5½d. each.

Sheets and Blankets.

When the young bride sets out to entertain in a modest way, nothing helps her to success more than immaculate table-linen. Three damask cloths, two by two yards, at 4s. 6d. each, will cover everyday needs; while two damask cloths, two by two and a-half yards, at 6s. each, will serve for best wear. One dozen damask napkins are provided at 8s. the dozen, and three damask sideboard-cloths at 2s. each. Three tray-cloths at 1s. 6d. each are indispensable, and two afternoon tea-cloths, at 3s. 9d. each, unless, as sometimes happens, the bride's girl friends have supplied her with these dainty accessories, in which case the list could be supplemented in some other way. For special occasions, too, a lace and linen tea-cloth, price 10s., has been included.

Table-Linen.

No household can really run smoothly unless due attention has been paid to the proper equipment of the kitchen. Of glass cloths, tea-cloths, and kitchen-cloths, six each are allowed, costing respectively 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. the half-dozen. Then two pudding-cloths, at 4½d. each, and three dish-cloths, at 1½d. each, are necessary items; while three kitchen table-cloths, price 2s., will go far towards adding to the comfort of those in the kitchen, and promoting a general sense of well-being, since no meal can be really appetising unless it is nicely set out. Enumerated, these are the articles which comprise a well-thought-out ten guinea outfit of household linen; but the list is open to any alteration desired, or any article can be purchased separately.

For the Kitchen.

Any stains on silver should be removed as soon as detected, for the longer they are left the more difficult is their removal. The table silver may be laid in soap and water for an hour or two, then rubbed over with whiting, made into a paste with vinegar and left to dry. When dry, polish with a leather. Ink stains on silver may be removed by at once using a little chloride of lime, which, however, must be washed off immediately it has accomplished its purpose.

Stains on Silver.

One is often struck with the want of thought some women show in choosing their children's apparel. I have noticed many dear little mites wearing the closest-fitting and smallest of Dutch bonnets when going for their walks in the bright sunshine. These will be very cosy and pretty for winter or cold weather, or even a few weeks later in the season, but while there is a vestige of summer big cambric or muslin hats and bonnets should be the order of the day, especially for wee ones under four, as they afford protection to the head and eyes of the little wearer. Often at the seaside, even when there is no sun, there is apt to be a glare on the beach and promenade which is very trying. For small boys, man-o'-war sailor-hats with a brim which can be turned down at will over the eyes are very practical, and for girls over five a similar shape looks equally well. One is moved to pity sometimes, too, by the little wearers of stiff, starched frocks and pelisses, arrayed thus to the great discomfort of their little limbs. No wonder if such a little victim is moved to fretfulness and acquires the reputation of being "such a cross child," when, if it were only comfortably clad, the child would be contented and happy.

Child Victims of their Clothes.

A dainty addition to a trousseau is a dressing-cape which can be made from a fairly heavy white linen embroidered around the edge in a simple running design and worked with flourishing thread. It may be edged with narrow white lace, and tied at the neck with a soft coloured silk ribbon. It is a useful as well as ornamental little garment, and when the hair needs rearrangement during the day this little wrapper, if cut with sufficiently large armholes, may be slipped on over the dress-bodice, and does away with the necessity of first removing it. These little capes, with or without sleeves, make acceptable presents, and the idea is well worth copying for bazaars.

What to Make for a Bazaar.

A SMART COAT FOR A FINE DAY—IN THICK LINEN.
A useful garment for wear in doubtful weather.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ACCUSED OF PLOTTING AGAINST THE TSAR.

MARIA PROKOFIWA.

THE trial of the eighteen persons accused of conspiracy against the life of the Tsar took place last week. The military court sat with closed doors, and the newspapers were forbidden, under a penaly of £300, to mention anything about the trial till judgment had been given.

Most of the prisoners belonged to the better classes, and all eyes were attracted by the beautiful, Madonna-like, innocent face of Maria Prokofiwa. She has large blue eyes, with heavy black lashes, and a sweet mouth. The imposing figure and handsome face of Madame Feodosieff, daughter of a General in the Army, also drew attention.

Both these women stood their trial on an accusation that might have cost them their lives, but it is thought that little can be proved against them.

The accusation in the indictment against the conspirators is that of forming an association called the fighting organisation of the central committee of the Social Revolutionary Party with the object of attempting the life of the Tsar, subverting the Constitution, and introducing a new order in the State of Russia. The accused were found in possession of explosives and arms; founded the headquarters for the conspiracy; collected information to enable them to murder the Tsar, the Grand Duke Nicolas, and M. Stolypin; composed a cipher code enabling them to telegraph the comings and goings of the Grand Duke and M. Stolypin; provided Naumoff, who said he was willing to attempt to murder the Tsar, with dagger or bomb, with money to enter the imperial ecclesiastical choir, and gave him plans of the Babolovski Park, where the Tsar usually promenades, and of the castle in Tsarskoe Selo, showing the way to a room under the Emperor's cabinet where it was intended to place explosives.

That is the case for the prosecution, while the defence — in Russia there often is no defence even for the innocent.

Photos. Exclusive.

MME. FEODOSIEFF.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

AUG. 31 to SEPT. 6.—Seed-planting is now practically over, for some time to come, at least, and with the advent of September the gardener's harvest time reaches its height. My own plans for the coming week certainly concern harvesting principally, and I expect to be busy gathering plums and early apples and pears, lifting the first batch of main-crop potatoes, and soon my other garden work will consist of planting out the perennials from the nursery-beds (mentioned some weeks ago), and taking and attending to cuttings. The time is now ripe for removing and planting out apart from the parent plant the cuttings or "layerings" from carnations, and I find that just at present dahlias are needing continual care. To get the best results a certain number of the buds must be removed, and a goodly number of the shoots, particularly the lower ones, done away with. Dahlias that are kept well watered should send up a profusion of bloom right through September, and if your soil seems inclined to dry quickly I should suggest that you fork in a little well-rotted manure round the roots. The present is an excellent time to take the seed from many growths in the flower and kitchen garden. Choose only well-ripened seeds, and dry them thoroughly in the sun, if possible, before putting them away. By the way, I am earthing up celery from time to time, as necessary.

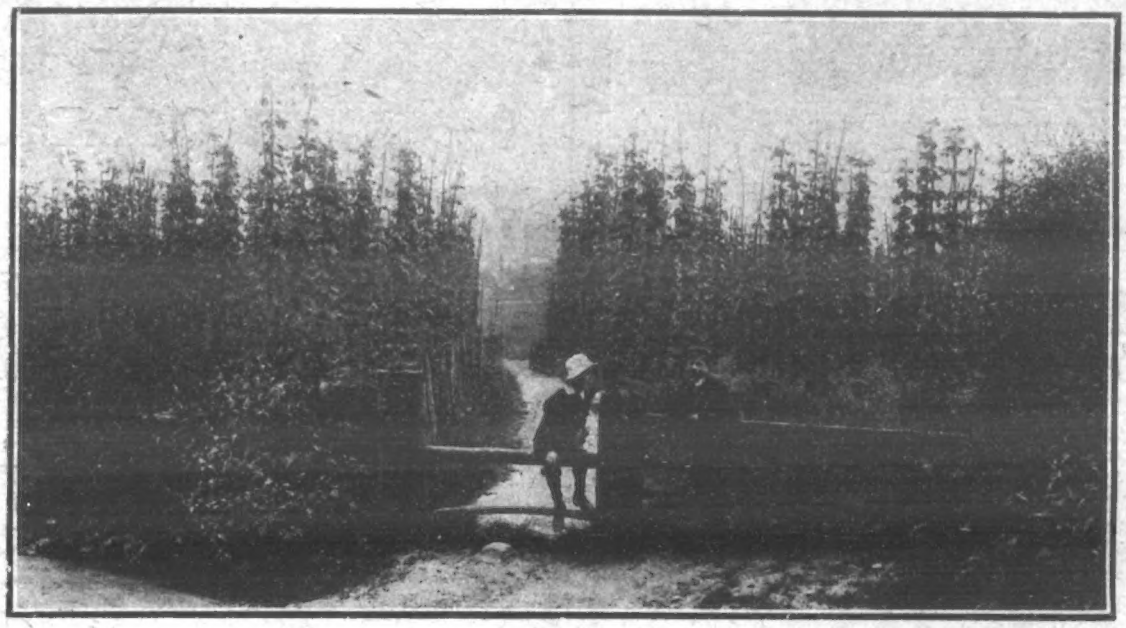
My Garden Plans.

I have growing in my garden now a flower that well deserves more attention than it receives from the amateur. I refer to the Rudbeckia, otherwise known as Golden Glory, Golden Glow, and the Cone Flower. The two plants I have I purchased for a few pence in Covent Garden early in the spring, and they have put up six feet of most graceful growth, now capped with a mass of blossom that is both striking and effective. Certainly no herbaceous border should be without this delightful old-fashioned flower, which is well worthy of revival. Besides the tall variety I possess, smaller plants may be obtained running some two feet in height, with flowers old English gold in colour, with a cone-like dark centre. The flowers in my garden are large, entirely gold in colour, and in formation something between chrysanthemum, dahlia, and Michaelmas daisy. I should strongly advise my readers to secure one or two plants from their nurseryman towards the end of this month or some time during next, or else to purchase a packet of seed for sowing in spring. The rudbeckia is a perennial of strong, robust habit, and I shall certainly see that I have more plants next season.

The Rudbeckia.

Many an amateur is disgusted with his gardening operations because his garden is high and exposed to every wind, and often all his care seems thrown away through one night's storm, and he has to commence all over again. I once had just such a garden myself on the wind-swept slopes of north Somerset, so can thoroughly sympathise with gardeners so afflicted. My experiences under such conditions taught me primarily the advantages of many thick-set, strong shrubs to break up the force of the wind. By means of trellis, covered with ivy on the side against which the prevailing wind beat, I stopped the wind that used to whistle round between the house and fence, and a thick beech hedge between the flower and kitchen gardens formed another rampart. In other parts I had stout hollies, sturdy laurel, and such shrubs; and wall-fruit was protected in this way by dense, short hedges at right angles, that were not allowed to grow too high. In writing this paragraph I have in mind that soon the winter winds will blow, and also that in a month or so most evergreen shrubs may be planted.

The Exposed Garden.



THE OPENING OF THE HOPPING SEASON.

A fine field of Hops in Kent waiting for the Pickers.

The newspapers already contain accounts of giant sunflowers, vegetable marrows, hollyhocks, and so on, and I should be glad to receive post-cards from *P.I.P.* readers who are lucky enough to have mammoth growths in their gardens. Full names and addresses should be given as tokens of good faith. The hollyhock record is held so far by a Herne Bay reader of the London *Evening News*, his goliath having attained a height of 13 ft. 6 in. in full bloom.

The Year's Record.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

WALTER SHAW (Bury).—It is hard to advise from such meagre details as you send, but I should say you had been overfeeding your birds. This is a worse fault than underfeeding, and should be corrected at once. It is certain your birds need more green food, and you may have too many in the small run. Send me further particulars.

MARTIN CURTIS (Banbury).—I should certainly be preparing the ground now, but it is early yet to move the shrubs. The last week in September or the first week in October should be quite soon enough.

K. H. B.—The cucumber frame would cost you about fifteen shillings. If you will send me a stamped envelope I will forward the name of a reputable firm.

W. J. TRENT.—I am afraid you can do nothing this year, and evidently the position is too shady for your dahlias. Put the tubers in sunnier spots next season.

I am always pleased to reply to inquiries, and will do so through the post direct when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally, at the *P.I.P.* Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C. A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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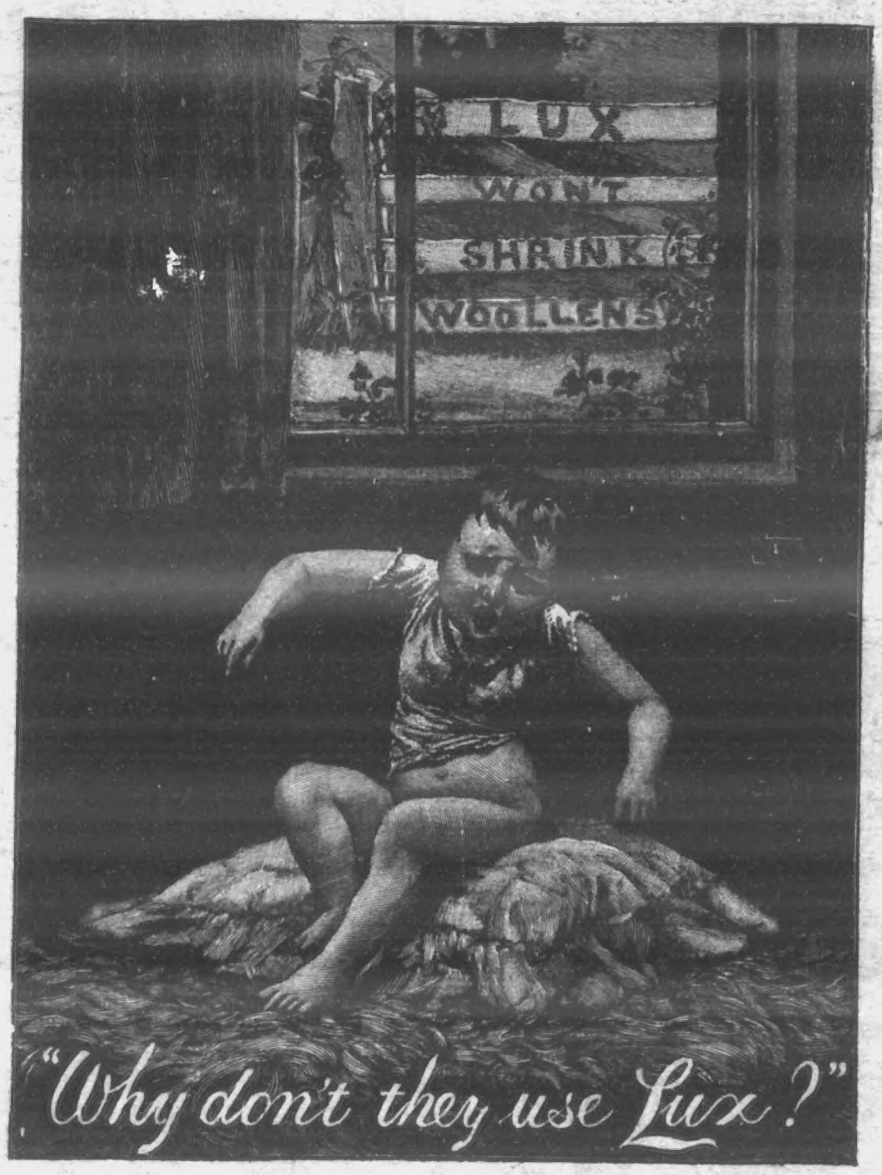

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